

GEORGE DIXON DEFEATS NUNC WALLACE

The National
POLICE GAZETTE
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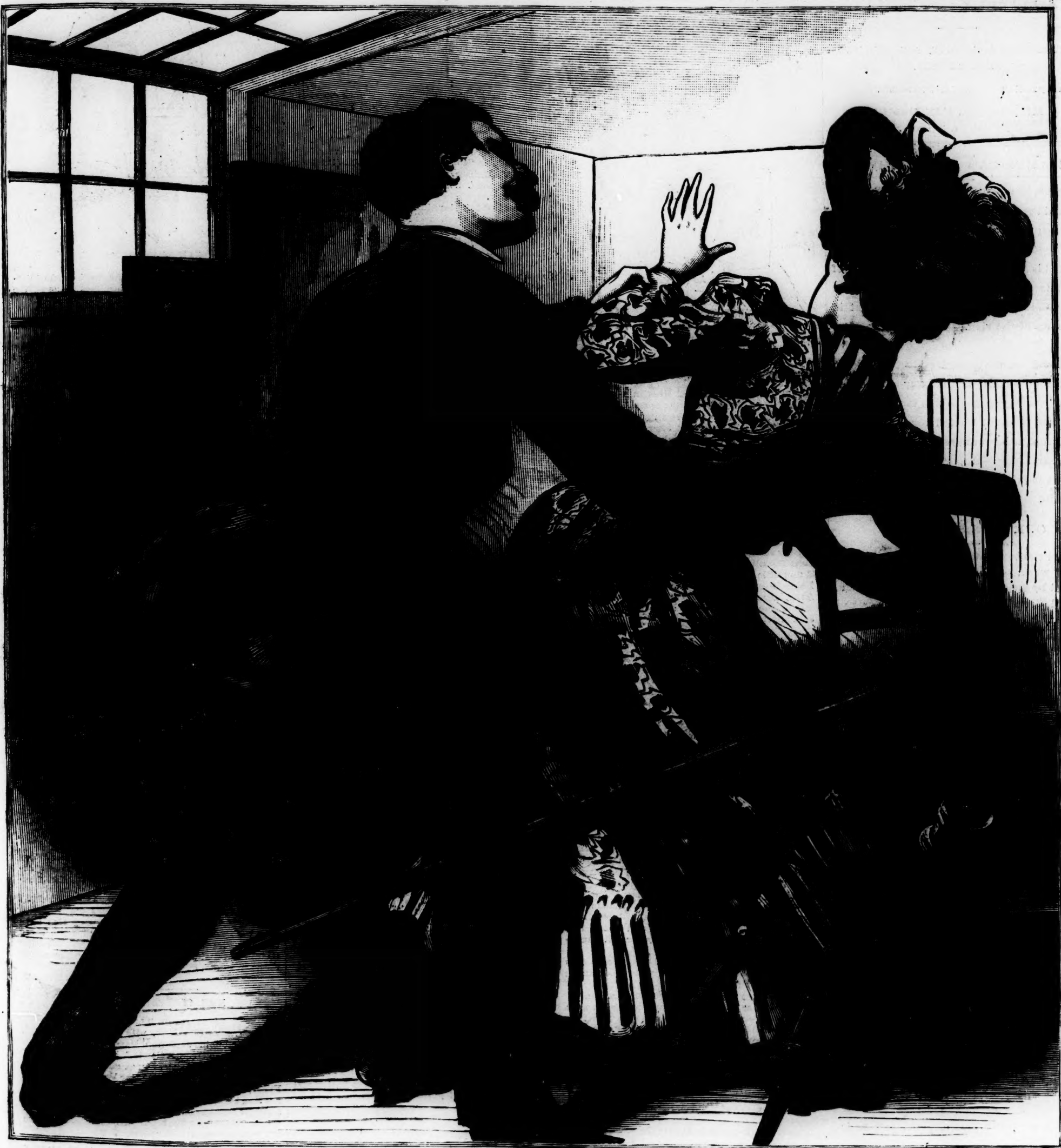
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

VOLUME LVI—No. 670.
Price Ten Cents.



HE HUGGED A PRETTY GIRL,
AND A CRUEL TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, JUDGE FINED PHOTOGRAPHER HATTON FOR IT.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

THE HIT OF THE YEAR!

GRISSETTE,

An Every-day and Night Picture of
High Life in Paris and New York.

HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED

EVERY ONE SHOULD READ IT. ASK YOUR NEWS-
DEALER FOR IT.

Or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE SHRIEKS.

America has gained another victory in pugilism, and the pugilistic American Eagle shrieks in consequence. The victor is George Dixon, the almost invincible colored bantam, and the defeated is Nune Wallace, the English boy, of the same class. The fight took place in the Pelican Club, London, and it was an event in the history of the ring. There is now proof positive that Wallace has no business with Dixon, and that the colored midget is able to take care of himself against any man of his weight. On other pages of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we tell the story of the fight as sent us by our special correspondents, and present excellent portraits of the victor and the vanquished, as well as scenes of the great mill.

OUR COLLEGE BOYS.

Our college boys had a great big time during the past week, and all New London, Conn., was crowded by the admirers of the crews of Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Columbia, and other seats of learning. Many a day since there was such enthusiasm; many a day since such rowing was seen. The boys conducted themselves admirably, as they always do on such occasions. Friday was the principal day of the meeting, and then it was that Yale got away with Harvard in great shape, and Columbia's freshmen gave Harvard's striplings a lesson or two in wielding the oar. Reference to other pages will prove that, as usual, we come to the front and do the boys justice.

OF INTEREST TO BARBERS.

Scarcely a week passes but we receive letters from barbers or their friends, throughout the country asking us to publish the portraits of the tonsorialists and little sketches concerning them. We desire to state that we will, upon receipt of such photographs and sketches, acknowledge the fact of their arrival and reproduce them at the earliest possible moment. Our engravings are unexcelled and are well worthy of framing. Let us hear from our barber friends throughout the land.

A SPICY DIVORCE SUIT.

Capt. Arliss M. Bisbee and Mrs. Bisbee are having quite a lively time in Providence, R. I., but if both their stories are true it is nothing to the time they have had. Each charges the other with most atrocious conduct, and their evidence goes to prove that their lot has not been a happy one, if it has been exciting. Their stories make spicy reading.

MASKS AND FACES

Retrospect and Prospect--
"The Sea King."

MRS. RANKIN'S PLAY.

A Howelling Failure--Cal. McCarthy
in Comedy.

FAIRIES AND FAKIRS.

New York, for once, takes off its hat to Philadelphia. In sending us "The Sea King," our village neighbor, Philadelphia, has given us a light, cool, drinkable summer opera.

W. J. Gilmore deserves credit for the lavish manner in which he has equipped the tuneful work by Stahl and Fulton, and Charley Yale and George Murray deserve credit for the way they have boomed and managed it.

The music of "The Sea King" is reminiscent. The plot of its libretto is simple.

A banished noble, Mateo de Quevedo, becomes a bad.



"NO MORE MATINEES FOR ME!"

bold chief of smugglers, and lives in a magnificent grotto somewhere off the coast of Spain.

This gentleman falls in love with Dolores, a noble lady who comes his way, and after the usual comic opera obstacles and songs, is happily united to him.

Besides these personages, Quevedo and Dolores, who furnish the sentiment of the business, you have Don Bamboula, a homely grandee in search of a wife; Donna Olima, a fat duenna with a tendency to flirt; Miguel, a nimble-legged page; Rosita, a plump soubrette, and Pedro, a fat attendant with a basso voice.

Hubert Wilke was stagey, as usual, and his voice has regulation tremulous to it.

Esther Palliser caught some high notes, acted amateurishly and got a lot of encores.

Lena Merville, as the page, hadn't enough to do, but did that little well.

Emma Delaro, the duenna, was artistically adipose.

Annie Meyers is getting too fat for a soubrette, but her eyes are as fine and expressive as ever.

J. C. Miron, with his song,

"He who fights to run away
May live to fight another day."

sung way down in his number nine boots, and made a hit.

But the hit of the show was Edwin Stevens, the long, lean, lank, limber-limbed comedian, who played, danced, sang and capered as Don Bamboula, the man eager for marriage, scorned by the sea because of his ugliness, and constantly gazing into a hand mirror that finally breaks out of sheer desperation.

Stevens is a neat, dainty and clean comedian. He doesn't horse play. He doesn't spring old tags. He doesn't hog the whole show.

I can't see why the Aronsens never did anything with that man at the Casino.

However that may be, the new opera, "The Sea King," by Stahl and Fulton, now comfortably housed at Palmer's, deserves a profitable summer run.

Special matinees are all the rage these hot days in New York.

They are mostly attended by actors and actresses. Mrs. McKee Rankin appeared in "Sara," a play by Cecil Grylls at Palmer's, the other afternoon.

The plot of this play turns on the doings of a woman, Sara Lyons, who, after being betrayed, abandoned and robbed of her child, turns thief and adventuress, runs the gamut of splendor and misery, and finally dies in an odor of sanctity, surrounded by her lost daughter and sympathetic friends.

Mrs. Rankin ran this complicated gamut of scenes and incidents, comedy and pathos, with consummate skill and in a dazzling array of new gowns.

A good company supported her on this occasion. Jos. Holland as the villain, Frank Mordaunt as a count of high degree, George Osborne as a rich man with a three golden balls dialect, Mrs. Sol Smith as a kind of procuress, were excellent in method and execution.

Bob Hilliard as a fresh young man from America, and Virginia Harned as a young lady from England, tried to do the comedy and made it appear very much like farce.

Hilliard is brash and wooden, Harned is affected and self conscious.

The note of sincerity is lacking in the work of both

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ACTRESSES.—Send a two-cent stamp to cover postage, for our catalogue of portraits of prominent actresses and actors and sporting men. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

of these players, and they consequently have about as much magnetism as the figures in bisque and porcelain which adorn my lady's mantel.

The play of "Sara," properly cut and properly touched here and there, will prove a good medium for Mrs. Rankin to please her thousands of friends and well-wishers next season.



"I WONDER WHERE JACK IS!"

Meanwhile George Keogh deserves credit for the able way in which he managed the matinee.

Among those present were Minnie Seligman, W. H. Thompson, Nestor Lennox, E. E. Kidder, Grace Filkins, Lillian Hadley, Beverley Sitgreaves, May Irwin, Bessie Cleveland, Amelia Glover, Mrs. Eldridge, Mrs. Fernandez, Marion Erie, Selena Fetter, E. J. Henley, Isabelle Urquhart, Rosa France, Tom Seabrooke, Carrie Perkins, Bessie Fletcher.

I attended another matinee the other day. It was a three act dramatization of Howell's novel, "A Foregone Conclusion," by Col. Alfriend.

It may be pronounced a Howelling failure.

Col. Alfriend has for a season or so, been a large and expansive personality in theatricals of the town. He is seen at first ni hts. He is a good talker about himself to the ladies. He boasts of his friendship for Boucicault and Palmer.

But he can't write—that's settled.

His comedy weighs almost as much as he does.

"We are the obscene (obscene) of all observers,"

is one of the "comedy" lines he puts into the mouth of one of his characters.

And the cast Col. Alfriend chose to play was exceedingly rocky.

Sidney Bowkett played the part of a foreign priest, who falls in love with one of our countrywomen.

He needed a haircut badly.

Grace Kimball, as the young lady, was thoroughly inane.

When the priest made love to her she showed about as much emotion as a well polished butter knife at the sight of a slice of rare roast beef.

Rather than have managed a show like that, Billy Deutsch, I'd have gone to the races.



"I'M AFRAID I'LL BREAK THE GLASS!"

You might have lost your money there, but you wouldn't have lost your time.

However, it is too hot to discuss such trifles and get red in the face over them.

No more matinees for me.

As Marie Jansen tosses in her hammock in Winthrop, near Boston, she may perhaps speculate where her neighbor, Jack Mason, is.

Girls, in these vacation days, naturally turn towards pleasant holiday companions.

I saw Jack Mason, the lady's delight, not long ago.

His voice has lost its juvenility and his form its flexibility.

Soon people will ask, as Brummel asked Sheridan in the play:



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING NEXT SEASON, CULL?"

"Who is your fat friend?"

DeBelleville, Mason, Mantell, Gustavus Levick and Louis Aldrich are all putting on too much flesh of late.

To actors of heroic parts fat is fate.

It settles them.

Our friend Falstaff in love is ridiculous.

All along Broadway actors are as thick as bees around a honeycomb.

"Signed for next season, cull?"

"Not yet. I've had seven offers."

Such talk greets you at every turn, mingled with race gossip and boudoir scandal.

Sadie Martinot is going to have a theatre of her own in town.

Maud White, in spite of all the late unpleasantness, goes with Fritz Emmet.

It is not generally known that Minna Gale, leading to Lawrence Barrett, was originally leading to Daniel Bandman, and once played under the name of Vera Verney.

Fannie Beane Gilday takes a benefit at Miner's Bowery Theatre.

The favorite poet of May Irwin is Tennyson, and her copy is marked by pencil strokes, indicative of thorough reading and sentimental appreciation.

Florence Ashbrooke, one of the shapeliest and most popular of our actresses, is back in town.

Anna Boyd is going out next season in "Overlook," a play by our pithy and judicious colleague, Franklin File.

Carrie Tuttle is to be one of the leading soubrettes in "The Hustler," a new farce comedy by yours truly, the undersigned.

That reminds me that Davis Keogh and Rosenthal have just contracted with Cal McCarthy and his two



"I'M AN ADVENTURESS!"

coon boxers, Jesse and Marcellus, to do some interesting specialty work in the race track scene of the new farce.

Look out for them.

Look out also for all the good things of next season. Jimmy Powers, Louis Harrison and Francis Wilson are all going out in new plays.

I dropped in at a prominent club much frequented by actors and managers the other night.

At one of the tables sat the husband of a well-known soubrette star.

He was hilariously and uproariously drunk.

He invited everybody and anybody to drink with him.

Finally he looked at his watch.

"It's late," he mumbled, "it's late. I must be going home. Boy, boy, order my—hic—carriage. And, boy, tell 'em—hic—I don't want—hic—the grays to-night. I want—hic—the bays. I want my carriage, anyway. Hurry up my carriage! Why the devil don't you hurry up my carriage? I want my carriage."

Barrymore, who happened to be standing near the soubrette star's husband, looked on a little while.

When the gentleman with the load reiterated his noisy desire for a carriage, Barry smilingly remarked aside:

"How proudly he speaks of the ambulance!"

LEW ROSEN.

SLASHED WITH RAZORS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Reed, a white man, was standing in the doorway of Powers' saloon, on River street, Paterson, N. J., a few nights ago, when he was approached by Mrs. Lizzie Jackson, a colored woman, who asked Reed for the loan of ten cents, offering an umbrella as a pledge for the return of the money. Reed gave her the dime and took the umbrella. About half an hour later Robert and Jake Wilson, brothers of the woman, met Reed in the saloon and demanded their sister's umbrella, offering to pay the ten cents loaned. Reed, however, had either lost or sold it. A row followed, and the white man ran down River street to the Arch street bridge, where he was overtaken by the Wilsons, who pitched into him. During the struggle Reed was cut on the leg and forehead with a razor. He was removed to the hospital, where he died a few hours later. Robert Wilson is charged with the cutting.

COUNSELOR KATE KANE.

We are in receipt of the following commendatory letter from Miss Kate Kane, who was recently admitted to the bar and whose portrait we published recently:

"CHICAGO, Ill., June 23, 1890.

"RICHARD K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: I am delighted with the pictures. They are the best cuts that have ever been made of me. Please accept my sincere thanks. Please send me five dollars' worth of the GAZETTES containing my picture, as I wish the copies for distribution. Respectfully,

"KATE KANE."

MRS. CLEVELAND'S CATCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Frances Cleveland, wife of the ex-President, has been stopping at Marion, Mass., with her husband. A few days ago Mr. Cleveland, R. W. Gilder, editor of the Century, and the charming ex-mistress of the White House boarded a yacht under the command of Capt. Ryder, and started after the hungry blue fish. It was not long before Mrs. Cleveland struck a bite, and after a gallant fight the lady landed a beautiful 4-pounder. Mr. Cleveland kept up his record by catching more fish than any other in the party.

SPLENDIDLY FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS OF LILLIAN Russell, who created such a furor in her character of "The Grand Duchess." Sent by mail on receipt of price, ten cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York city.

A KID WEDDING.

John Blockridge Wants
His Old Wife Back.

SKIPPED FROM A CONVENT.

Two Gallatin, Tenn., Girls
Squelch a Burglar.

PHILADELPHIA DOCTORS AGREE.

A Parisian Lothario Disappears
From Minneapolis.

SOME SPICY READING.

There is a thundering lot of reasons to account for marriage. Take, for instance, the wedding of Adam and Mrs. Adams in the Garden of Eden. The bride and groom had never been introduced to each other. It was a case of love at first sight, and the two started housekeeping out in the woods, without even the formality of a license or a dominie. And yet nobody has ever dared to even hint that their marriage was illegal, and no contest was made when the will was brought up for probate in the Surrogate's Court of the day.

I could sit down and tell stories of such marriages, which nobody talked about, instancing those of Solomon, who soldered himself to pretty nearly everything within sight, and dropping down to the Pasha of Turkey, who, by going to the telephone, can call up his wives and cause a corner in the female Turkey-market, but life is too short.

What switched me off onto this sidetrack of thought is the following story of an exceedingly queer marriage that recently occurred in New Orleans.

A NOVEL NEW ORLEANS MARRIAGE.

This isn't a case where the spanking machine is necessary. It is a story of nuptials for convenience. The youngest couple ever united here were married before Judge Price of the First City Court last week, the contracting parties being Annie Reary, aged 13, and Frank Martinez, aged 15. They were really boy and girl, looking so young for their ages that the Judge declined at first to unite them. But as they had a marriage certificate with them, and as their mothers were present and gave their full consent to the marriage, no valid objection could be raised, and the ceremony was performed. The marriage seemed all the stranger when it was developed that the couple had known each other only a short time.

Young Martinez is well-to-do in his own right, having recently inherited some \$25,000 from his father. The laws of Louisiana provide that a minor who owns property can be emancipated and obtain control of it when he is 18, by order of court, or when he marries, marriage acting as an emancipator. To get possession



THE KIDS WERE MARRIED.

of his fortune, therefore, young Martinez had to marry, which explains why he did not wait until his bride and himself had reached the high school.

A CANADIENNE'S ESCAPE.

This story goes without comment. There is a depth of pathos in it: A pretty young woman of some twenty summers, who gives her name as Marsales Bushong, is sick with fever at the House of the Good Shepherd, in Syracuse, N. Y., having been sent to that institution by Superintendent of the Poor Grimes, whose attention was called to the case by Dr. Heath of Onondaga Valley. The young woman's home is said to be in Ontario, Canada. According to the story as it has been told to the Superintendent, she ran away from a convent or a convent school a month or so ago and went to Rochester, where she obtained employment as a domestic. A woman whose acquaintance she made in that city went to Syracuse soon afterward and went to work at Charles Wadsworth's house, a mile south of Onondaga Valley.

Miss Bushong, having lost her situation in Rochester,

also went to Syracuse, and the same day ascertaining through one of the employment agencies where her friend was at work, went to the Wadsworth place to visit her. She was to return to the city in the evening, but when the time for her departure came she had such an appearance of intense fatigue that the



MARSAL'S BUSHONG'S ESCAPE.

Wadsworths pressed her to stay until morning, and she accepted the kind invitation. During the night she was taken ill, but not wishing to disturb the family she held out until morning, when her condition was such that one of the hired

her sister, who had retired in the same room, and who responded gallantly to her calls for help.

The burglar drew a pistol from his pocket and cocked it, but before he could have possibly used it, the young ladies seized him and gave him a thorough slugging, all the time carrying him toward the window of the room. The young ladies finally reached the window with the midnight marauder and by main strength they succeeded in throwing him out, he falling to the ground ten feet below on his head. After lying as if stunned by his blows and his exit from the room above he pulled himself together and made his escape.

The Lewis sisters announce that they are always at home to burglars after dark and that all such visitors may be assured of a warm welcome as long as the window hangs out.

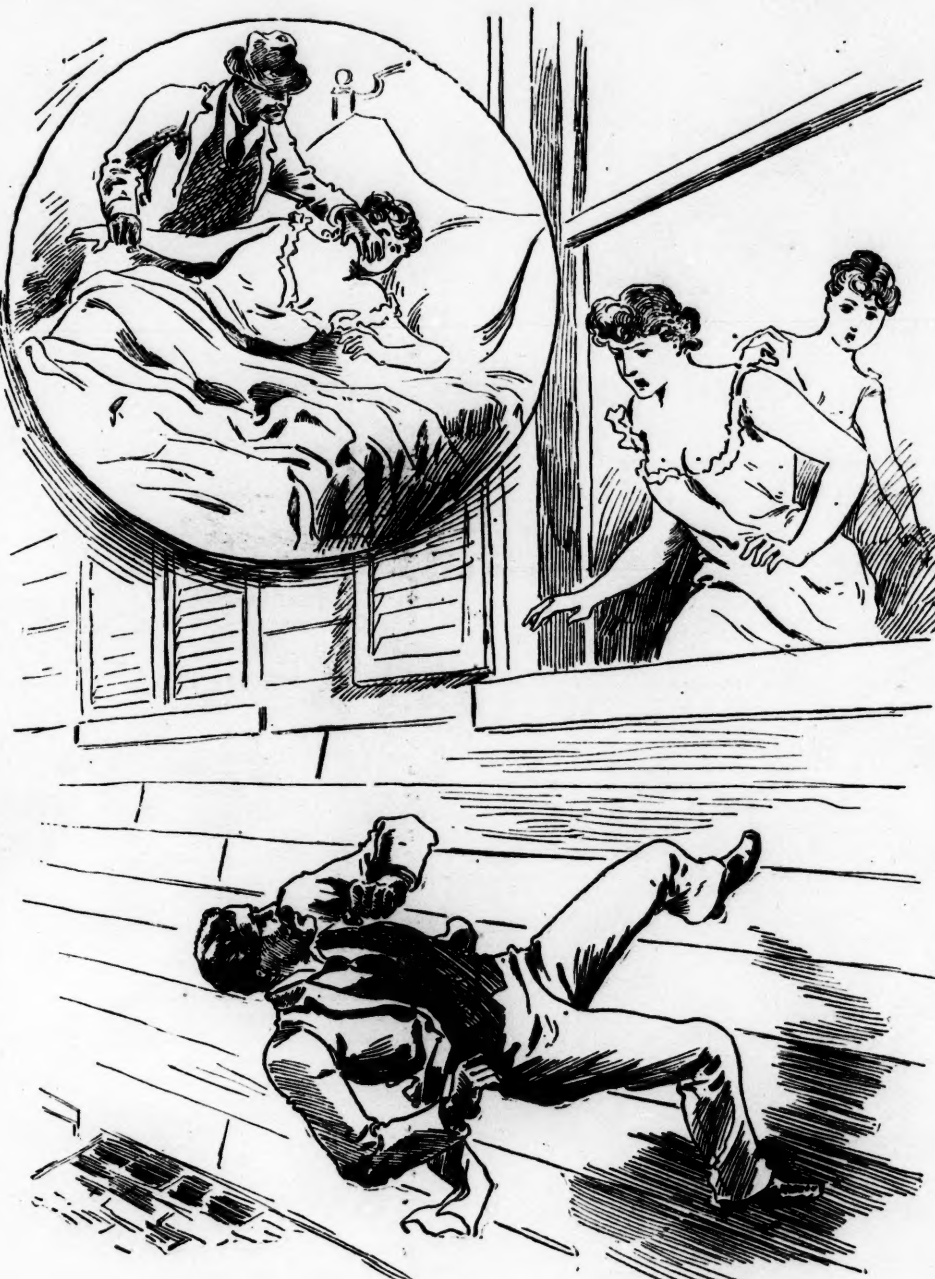
PHILADELPHIA DOCTORS AGREE.

There is an old saw to the effect that when doctors disagree, and so forth. Everybody knows the rest of it, and I will not, therefore, monkey with the rest of it.

Philadelphia doctors, so a Washington dispatch tells, recently agreed in a manner that knocked society circles into a cocked hat.

One is a male and the other is a female Esculapius, and the New York World is responsible for the story. I know not how the truth may be; I tell it as 'twas told to me. That's poetry, and I don't care who knows it.

The twain are well-known physicians in the quiet city, and it is said that they have been missing from their usual haunts for about three weeks. It turns out now that they were married by Rev. Dr. Houghton in



THE LEWIS GIRLS GET RID OF A BURGLAR.

men was dispatched in haste for Dr. Heath. The physician found her in a high fever and suffering excruciating pain. After a few days he communicated with Superintendent Grimes, and the result was the girl's removal to the House of the Good Shepherd. While Miss Bushong was at Onondaga Valley, she received a letter from J. V. A. Bray of 625 Green street, Ontario, to whom she said that she was engaged to be married. In the letter the young man rebuked her for leaving Canada. The girl told the doctor that her father died a short time ago and left property to the amount of \$150,000, she being the only heir.

BRAVE TENNESSEE GIRLS.

There is every reason to believe that burglars will steer clear of Gallatin, Tenn., for some time to come. The enterprising burglar must, perforce, accustom himself to anything, such as meeting the proprietor of the joint and his wide-open gun, or coming into contact with a brawny woman's shrieks. But when the surreptitious enterer stacks up against a couple of nice, fat-muscled girls and is thrown out of a window it must superinduce in him a longing desire to go out into the woods and another, drown or hang himself.

A burglar had just such an experience in Gallatin, Tenn., recently, and Misses Lula and Ella Lewis had an exciting experience with him. Miss Ella Lewis is the retiring Postmistress and it was known by the would-be burglar that she had considerable money which she had received in payment for her post-office fixtures, which she had sold.

About 12 o'clock she was awakened by a man who was standing by her bedside, with one hand on her throat and the other feeling under her pillow and around the head of the bed. She immediately called

New York on June 3, and that shortly after the ceremony the pair sailed on the steamer Alaska for England, en route for Australia.

Dr. W. Hammell, the gentleman in the case, is much more distinguished by his amorous escapades than for eminence in his profession.

The young woman is Annie Ramborger, who, as the



THE DOCTOR LOVED THE DOCTRESS.

first woman who had the courage to practice dentistry in the Quaker City, has become quite notable.

The marriage is remarkable, not only for its fugitive character, but for the fact that Hammell has a wife living with her mother in this city, who has filed a bill

of divorce, alleging cruelty, failure to support and desertion.

On the day of the marriage of the two doctors Dr. Hammell's mother-in-law went to New York to have him arrested, but she arrived too late.

The wicked flee when the mother-in-law pursueth. That isn't poetry, but it has the advantage of being truthful.

A RACINE, WIS., ENOCH ARDEN.

Racine, Wis., looms up this week with a sensation of the Enoch Arden kind slightly twisted.

John Blockridge, a prosperous business man of Racine, Wis., left his wife and children ten years ago, ostensibly to make a tour of the Northwestern States to invest his surplus capital. He did not return and was never heard from. It was generally supposed



JOHN BLOCKRIDGE GETS LONESOME.

that he had been murdered for the money he was known to have with him. Vigorous search was made for him unavailingly.

Lucinda Drought, a pretty girl, nineteen years old, disappeared a few days after Blockridge's departure, but the two facts were not associated in the popular mind until about five years ago, when a story got into circulation that Blockridge and the girl had married and were living in Montana.

This story was not verified until the present time. Now, however, there has come a letter from Blockridge to his wife confessing his wrong-doing, professing that he has always loved her, begging her to forgive him and asking her to join him in his Montana home. She will go, but no one knows yet what disposition will be made of his other victim.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LEAVARON.

That's what the people of one of the twin cities are asking.

Mr. Ernest Leavaron, of Paris, France, arrived in Minneapolis, Minn., a week ago with his beautiful bride, a girl of seventeen years. The day after their arrival he purchased a half interest in a leading cafe and deposited several thousand dollars in the First National Bank.

Leavaron found a suite of rooms in which he placed magnificent furnishings, but there was only one day allotted for the enjoyment of these quarters.

The next morning Leavaron kissed his wife, and said he was going out to do some marketing and would soon return. After waiting for some time the wife began to be uneasy, and going over to the cafe found a letter which nearly broke her heart. It was dated at St. Paul and enclosed \$250, and said that she must forgive him for what he had done, but that he could not live with her any longer and that they must part forever.

Instructions were given for her to sell the furniture and buy a ticket for New York. After returning to that city she would find at the house of a mutual friend a ticket to France. Mrs. Leavaron soon left for New York.

Her husband's interest in the cafe is worth \$5,000, and the cause of his disappearance is a mystery.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, so I've heard tell, and when I sit down and get my think box working it sometimes seems to me as if some people must be devilish fond of children to raise some that I am forced, from week to week, to write about.

TOMMY RATS.

A JOURNALISTIC MANAGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. William H. Friday, whose portrait appears elsewhere, was born in New York. He is 41 years of age, and is the manager and proprietor of the Summer Pavilion Theatre, Fifth and Flatbush avenues, Brooklyn, now running for the sixth season. Mr. Friday is an old journalist, having spent the greater part of his life on New York and Brooklyn journals, both as a typo and correspondent. During his lifetime he has served the Westchester Journal and Times, the New York Mercury, Courier, Era, Shoe and Leather Reporter, and for eighteen years held a position on the Brooklyn Union. In 1882 he was appointed to a clerkship in the City Clerk's office, which position he retained two terms of two years each. While here he started and established his summer theatre, which has been a continuous success from the start, and has catered almost entirely to the music loving portion of the community, producing opera of a high order of merit. Every well known operatic artist has sung under his spread of canvas, and his present company embraces such well known people as Sig. Broecklin, Rosa Cook, Harry Brown, the well-known comedian, Bessie Grey, Edw. Temple, Adah Richmond and Mrs. Dewey. Mr. Friday is also in the real estate business, and has handsomely furnished apartments in the Arbuckle Building, Brooklyn. He is also Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge of Elks, District Deputy Grand Master of the Odd Fellows and is a member of the Foresters, the National Provident Union and the 13th Regiment Veteran Association.

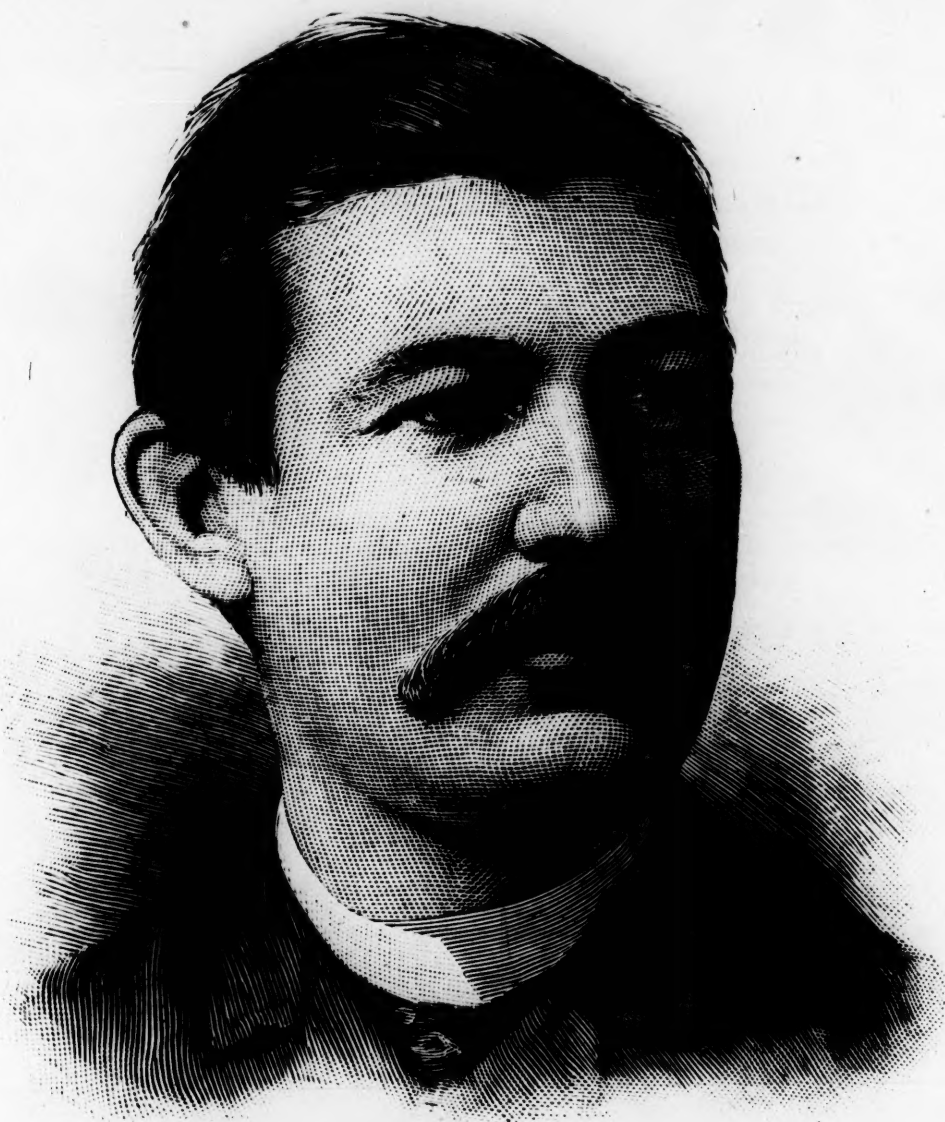
SHE STRADDLED HER HORSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A pretty and young lady created a sensation in the Back Bay district of Boston, Mass., recently, by riding along Beacon street mounted astride her horse. The old maids were shocked at the sight of the lady riding clothespin fashion, just like a real man, but the gentlemen appeared to rather enjoy the sight.

PERSONS IN ANY PART OF THE WORLD DESIRING legitimate goods of any description, would do well to send 25 cents for our Mammoth Illustrated Catalogue before purchasing elsewhere. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

PARIS BY GASLIGHT; OR THE GAY LIFE OF THE GAYEST CITY IN THE WORLD. Handsome 500-page volume. Price, by mail, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



A JOURNALISTIC MANAGER.

WILLIAM H. FRIDAY, THE HANDSOME PROPRIETOR OF BROOKLYN'S FAVORITE PLACE OF AMUSEMENT, "THE SUMMER PAVILION."



BLITHE LILLIAN DREW.

A GAY, FETCHING AND BLONDE SCUBRETTE, WHO HAS MADE MANY WARM FRIENDS IN EVERY CITY IN THE UNITED STATES.



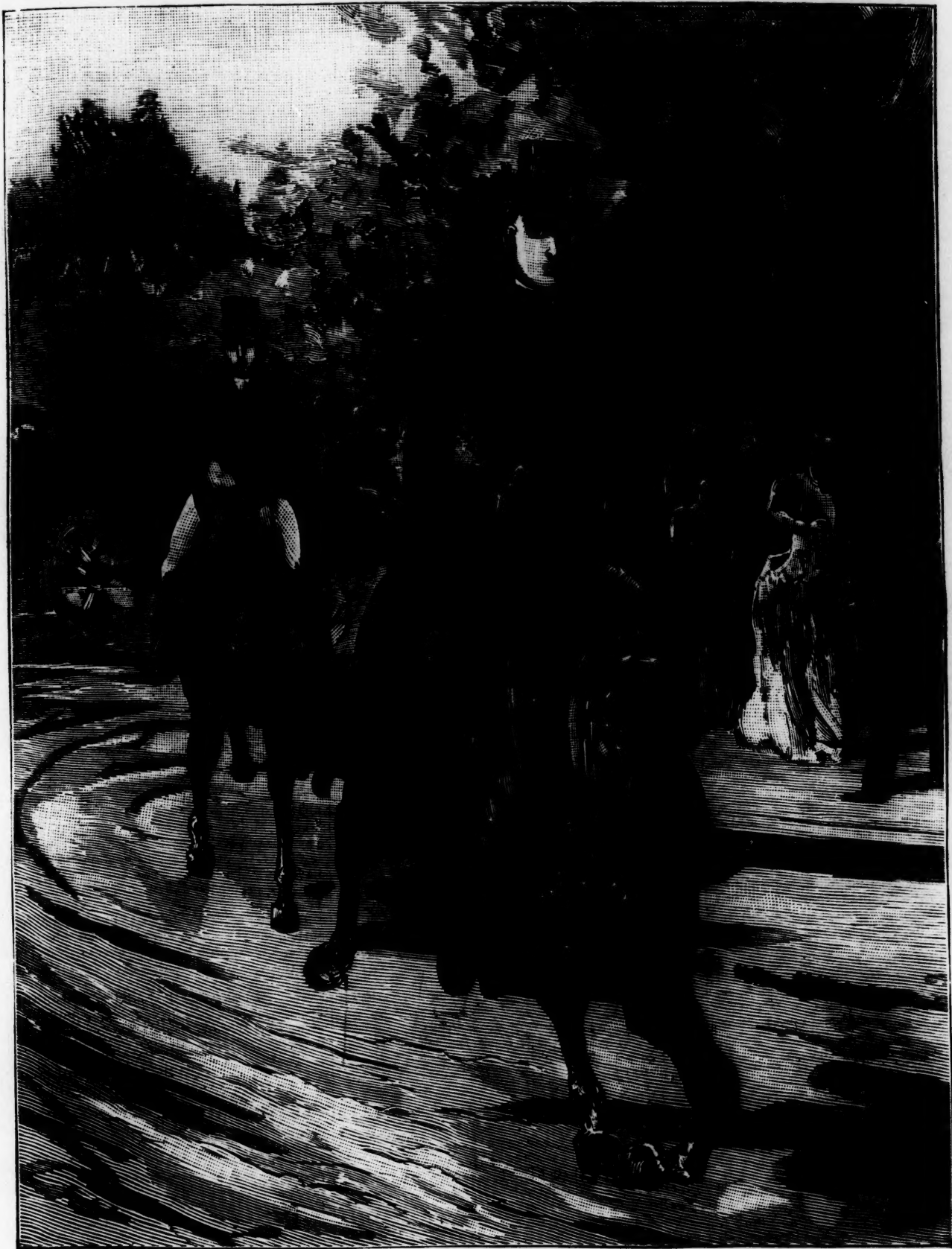
SARINA SCHWARTZ.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, GRACEFUL AND PLEASING DANCERS NOW AT MADISON SQUARE AMPHITHEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.



BRIGHT AND ENERGETIC.

JOHN H. SMITH, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE EXCEEDINGLY POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL HENRY BURLESQUE COMPANY.



SHE STRADDLED HER HORSE.

ONE OF BOSTON'S DARLINGS DISGUSTS THE OLD MAIDS AND PLEASES THE DUDES BY RIDING CLOTHES-PIN FASHION THROUGH THE ARISTOCRATIC BACK BAY DISTRICT.



DAPPER FRED MAY,
THE GENIAL HEAD BARTENDER AT ENGEL'S, THIS CITY, AND
POPULAR WITH PROFESSIONALS AND PUBLIC.



AN ABLE MANAGER.

LOUIS BOBIE, WHO LOOKS AFTER THE BUSINESS INTERESTS
OF HARRY MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE THEATRE.



AN ACTIVE LAWYER.

HON. W. E. BROWN, OF NEWTON, KAN., WHO IS ONE OF THE
BRIGHTEST LEGAL LIGHTS OF THE FAR WEST.



JUMPED ALL OVER HIM.

EXCITABLE MRS. CONNORS, OF NEWARK, N. J., QUARRELS WITH NEIGHBOR MAX HELFGOTT AND CRUELLY
STAMPS MOST OF THE WIND OUT OF HIS BELLOWS.

BISBEE'S TALE OF WOE.

A Providence, Rhode Island, Captain's Wrongs.

HIS WIFE PINCHED HIM.

She Retorts by Insinuating That He Was Brutal.

A JOLLY DIVORCE RACKET.

Before a crowded court room in Providence, R. I., one day last week, Capt. Arlius M. Bisbee, representative of the Chinese Government at the recent International Maritime Conference at Washington, stern and unbending, testified to having twice spat in his wife's face.

His suit for a divorce from Mrs. Bisbee was heard be-



THE FIGHT BEGINS.

fore the Supreme Court, and from the opening until the conclusion the trial was one constant sensation.

Several months ago the Captain was arrested on a suit for a breach of promise brought by a young woman residing in Vermont. At the present hearing one of the front seats was occupied by a legal representative of the Vermont woman, who with note book and pencil jotted down such parts of the testimony as he considered might bear upon his case. The other spectators were principally fashionable ladies of the city,



HE SAYS SHE BITT HIM.

who listened with evident pleasure to the recital of Capt. Bisbee's marital woes.

The Captain looked every inch a soldier as he mounted the witness stand. He is a man of middle age and of splendid appearance. Tall, dignified and stately, he presented a most remarkable contrast to his wife, who is a small woman of very attractive appearance. The Captain told of his marriage in 1879, and the immediate removal of himself and wife to Shanghai, China. Soon after marriage he declared that Mrs. Bisbee's affection for him suddenly vanished. One day she came into the room where he was surrounded by a retinue of Chinese servants and declared she wished somebody would knock him on the head. This, the Captain declared, worried him exceedingly, as in China anybody could easily be hired to commit murder. On another occasion, when he was punish-



SHE SAYS HE WAS BRUTAL.

ing a child, Mrs. Bisbee came in and attempted to horsewhip him.

At night she had a peculiar desire to keep him awake. One of his favorite habits was of dropping to sleep immediately upon retiring, and this, he declared, she was bound to prevent. According to his story,

she pinched his nose, ears and arms until there were black and blue spots all over his body. After retiring she would pull his beard until he was almost in a state of frenzy.

She would tear about the room furiously, chattering and yelling, and would threaten to blacken his eyes, knock him down and hit him on the head.

One day in Shanghai, the Captain said, his wife dashed into the room with a bottle of lager in her hand and threatened to brain him with it. Then she retired to a bathroom in the pagoda in which they lived and told him she intended to dash herself out of the window into the court-yard below. He said that on the



MR. BISBEE'S NIGHTMARE.

very coldest nights in Shanghai she would drag every vestige of clothing from the bed and leave him to shiver.

This, he declared, had ruined his nerves, impaired his digestion, and, he feared, she would cause his brain to soften.

"Your what?" asked Mrs. Bisbee's attorney. "My brain, sir," returned the Captain.

"Impossible," retorted the lawyer, in a tone that caused judges, witnesses and spectators to roar.

Continuing, the Captain said that his wife assured him that on the tenth anniversary of her marriage she would forward him an account of her suicide. Frequently she tried to strike and pound him and had threatened to furnish to the newspapers a full account of their domestic troubles. She further told him, he asserted, that she would beggar him, and she would stand half-clad before open windows looking out on the streets. Once, he said, she asked him to look after the children, and because he refused to do so assured him that he would most certainly be poisoned, adding that he fully deserved to be ushered out of life.

Then some letters written by Mrs. Bisbee to her sister were produced and Capt. Bisbee's attorney declined to allow them to be read, stating that there were points in the missives whose developments would be an outrage on public decency. Mrs. Bisbee's attorney denied this and insisted on having them read and portions of them were read. They were most pathetic and desperate in tone and expressed an intention of suicide owing to the Captain's treatment of the writer.

Cross-examination was fearfully sharp. Captain Bisbee admitted to having twice expectorated in his wife's face, once in China and once in this country. He declared that there was no other way in which he could express his contempt for her. He said she told



AND THEY SEPARATED.

him he was no gentleman, and she preferred the company of another man, a purser on a steamship.

Mrs. Bisbee sat demure and interested during the recital of the Captain's story. Once she removed her glove and turning to the reporters, asked them if they thought she could pinch the Captain black and blue. Her fingers were diminutive and soft, and there was a great difference between them and the Captain's large-sized digits.

When she took the stand an altogether different story was recited. She said the Captain became insanely jealous immediately after marriage. When they traveled in a palanquin he insisted on having every curtain tightly drawn, so that nobody could by any possibility get a glimpse of her. She declared that he forced her to continually wear a heavy veil, no matter what the state of the weather.

Every statement made by the Captain was denied by Mrs. Bisbee, who said that her husband had been guilty of the most unnatural brutality toward her. He had spit in her face repeatedly, had beaten her and had cruelly treated their children. Her testimony throughout was in marked contrast to the slow utterances of the Captain, who did not lose his dignity for a single moment, not even in his most sensational utterances.

In addition to an absolute divorce the Captain asked for the custody of his three children. No decision was rendered by the court, the case being held for advisement.

At the next term of the same court the Captain will be called upon to defend the breach of promise suit brought against him.

NOW READY! "GRISSETTE, OR, HIGH LIFE IN PARIS AND NEW YORK." Handsomely Illustrated. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

LURED TO HIS DEATH.

David Moore, of Omaha, Murdered in Ottawa, Ill.

TALK OF A LYNCHING PARTY.

There is talk of lynching in Ottawa, Ill., over the murder of David Moore of Omaha, a travelling salesman for the T. B. Scott Lumber Company of Merrill, Wis. The murder was committed in Allen Park, one night recently.

The motive was robbery. Moore was relieved of nearly \$1,200. He left his hotel at 7:30 o'clock, and not until his body was found in Allen Park was he seen again. Little Matthew Brown, son of the tenant of the park, was sent to look for the cow, and a moment later ran into the house to tell his parents of the discovery of a man lying in a pool of blood beneath a tall tree, his head apparently battered to a jelly.

The dead man's clothing was in great disorder, the pockets having been turned inside out. On the ground near him lay a coupling pin covered with blood. Up under the hillside was a woman's purse containing \$205 and a blood stained handkerchief.

The body was identified as that of Moore and taken to the Clinton Hotel, where it was seen that his skull had been broken. Five terrible wounds had been inflicted upon the back of the head, each puncturing the skull.

When Moore was last seen he had a fine gold watch, several diamonds, and carried over \$1,100 in money, all but \$140 of which had been placed in an envelope and pinned to the inside of his vest. These valuables were missing.

The police and deputy sheriffs were sent in all directions to apprehend the murderer. Finally, Deputy Sheriff Reed noticed an excited woman rushing about, near the hotel, and, becoming suspicious, he arrested her. She proved to be Mrs. Ford, the wife of a laborer.



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

It was remembered that she had been seen tearing a paper into bits and casting it into the gutter near the Court House.

The bits were recovered, and, being placed together by State's Attorney Blake, proved to have been the map of Moore's route. The woman was searched, and a bloody handkerchief was taken from her. She was placed in jail, and her husband, with his partner, Calvin S. Carr, were also arrested. The woman broke down and made a clean breast of the affair.

Moore, it appears, had met Mrs. Ford at the north end of the Illinois river bridge, and made an appointment for a meeting at 8:30 o'clock in the evening. She noticed his fine apparel, diamonds and watch, and believing him to be a man of wealth, told her husband she had a "snap" for him. They planned to let Calvin S. Carr and Billy O'Brien into the affair, so that they might make a sure thing of it.

It was arranged that O'Brien should get a girl named Minnie Wenderling, and that while Ford, Mrs. Ford, O'Brien and the Wenderling woman walked across the bridge at the appointed hour, Carr should go down into the park and await them.

Toward evening Ford got an old-fashioned coupling pin, and wrapping it up in a paper, awaited the hour. When Moore came to the meeting place Ford walked away and the women beckoned Moore to go with her. They went down into the park and Moore and the woman separated from O'Brien and Minnie Wenderling. A moment later Ford rushed out of a clump of bushes,



A LIVELY TIME.

and, seizing Moore, demanded that he either give him \$50 or suffer death.

"You can't bluff me that way," said Moore. "I won't pay you a dollar."

Ford knocked him down, but in the scuffle which followed Moore was gaining the mastery when O'Brien ran up and struck him a terrible blow on the temple

with the coupling pin. Moore fell, but the men continued beating him until they were satisfied life was extinct. They then seized the diamonds, watch and pocketbook and ran out of the park.

When out of sight of their victim they began quarreling about the spoils. O'Brien wanted the lion's share, and got the pocketbook. Carr, who had taken no part in the murder other than that of an onlooker, received the watch, while the Fords took the diamonds.

Armed with evidence furnished by the woman's confession, State's Attorney Blake caused the arrest of the



FOUND IN THE PARK.

Wenderling woman, and at 7 o'clock succeeded in bagging O'Brien, the welder of the car pin.

The watch was recovered from Carr, but O'Brien and the Fords had up to a late hour refused to divulge the hiding place of the diamonds and money.

HE HUGGED A PRETTY GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Photographer Thomas Hutton, of Terre Haute, Ind., kissed and hugged pretty Miss Nettie Johnson, aged sixteen, one Sunday afternoon recently. He had to pay \$15 and costs for it. He invited Miss Nettie, who is a fine type of beauty, to come to his gallery and have some special pictures taken for exhibition in his window, promising to present her with a copy of each view.

She had scarcely entered his gallery before he turned the key in the door and had his arms about her and his lips on her rosy cheeks. She screamed and threatened and went away. Hutton never got a single sitting.

Miss Nettie's father had him arrested, and Mayor Donaldson assessed him the above amount on his plea of guilty. Hutton is thirty, and has a wife and children.

A KEG OF BEER THE CAUSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A keg of beer caused a small race riot in Brookside, Ala., recently. A pitched battle was fought on the main street between about 100 armed negroes on one side and seventy-five white men on the other. Tom Redmond, leader of the blacks, was killed, and two or three others wounded. Tom Acres, white, was wounded on the head. The white men were on a hill, drinking from a keg of beer, when the negroes appeared upon the scene. A dispute arose between the two parties, which was settled later with firearms. Over one hundred shots were fired.

AN ACTIVE LAWYER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most popular and best-known lawyers in Newton, Kan., is the Hon. W. E. Brown. Mr. Brown is without question one of the most brilliant and successful young attorneys of Kansas, though only thirty-one years of age. He has practiced seven years, six years of which time he has been practicing before the Supreme Court and the Federal courts; he has the largest private law library in the State. He recently chartered a special train to carry the United States Marshal from Topeka to Newton, that he might be the first to secure attachment on a stock of goods. Mr. Brown's portrait will be found on another page.

AN ABLE MANAGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the oldest managers in the country is Louis Robie, the business care-taker of Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre. What Mr. Robie doesn't know about theatrical management isn't in the books, and Mr. Miner knows it and appreciates Mr. Robie's services.

BLITHE LILLIAN DREW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Miss Lillian Drew, the ingenue and soubrette, whose buxom figure our artist has caught in a fetching pose on our dramatic page, hails from the West. Miss Drew has done some fair dancing, some neat comedy and is generally very popular.

BRIGHT AND ENERGETIC.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mr. John H. Smith, is the proprietor and manager of the Henry Burlesque Company, one of the best vaudeville combinations of the day. Mr. Smith is a New York boy, young, bright and energetic.

DAPPER FRED MAY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Fred May, head barkeeper at Engel's, is reproduced in our portrait gallery this week. Mr. May is popular, capable and energetic, and his many friends will be glad to see his face in our pages.

SARINA SCHWARTZ.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most graceful and experienced dancers now at the Madison Square Amphitheatre, New York, is Sarina Schwartz, whose face we reproduce on our dramatic page.

JUST PUBLISHED. NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF CARMENCITA, the great Spanish ballet dancer. Price 10 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

ON THE BALL FIELD.

Light And Airy News of
the Diamond.

HOW THE LEAGUES STAND.

Yale Knocks Harvard Out
Once Again.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH'S GAMES.

Ball playing and horse racing are vying with each other for the supremacy, and at last accounts the turf was slightly in the lead.

The full particulars of the racing events of the week



PLAYING FIRST BASE.

will be found in another column. Here's how the baseballists stood on Sunday, July 29, as we went to press:

THE PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

CLUBS.	Boston	Chicago	New York	Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	Cleveland	St. Louis	Washington	Average
Boston	6	5	10	4	4	4	4	4	6.25
Chicago	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5.54
New York	10	5	6	5	5	5	5	5	6.57
Philadelphia	4	5	5	6	5	5	5	5	5.17
Pittsburgh	4	5	5	5	6	5	5	5	5.17
Cleveland	4	5	5	5	5	6	5	5	5.17
St. Louis	4	5	5	5	5	5	6	5	5.17
Washington	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	6	5.17
Games lost	21	22	24	25	25	25	25	25	24

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

CLUBS.	Cincinnati	Brooklyn	Philadelphia	Boston	Chicago	New York	Pittsburgh	Cleveland	Average
Cincinnati	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Brooklyn	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Philadelphia	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Boston	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Chicago	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
New York	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Pittsburgh	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Cleveland	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Games lost	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

CLUBS.	Atlantic	Richmond	Columbus	St. Louis	St. Paul	Sioux Falls	Sioux City	Sioux Falls	Average
Atlantic	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Richmond	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Columbus	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
St. Louis	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
St. Paul	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Sioux Falls	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Sioux City	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Games lost	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18	18

ATLANTIC ASSOCIATION.

CLUBS.	Baltimore	New Haven	Worcester	Washington	Jersey City	Hartford	Wilmington	Average
Baltimore	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
New Haven	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Worcester	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Washington	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Jersey City	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Hartford	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Wilmington	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1.00
Games lost	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14

In the Players' League, Brooklyn has taken a drop—not a liquid, but a solid one—and gone down to fifth place. The others' positions, so far as other leagues are concerned, are not materially changed.

Now about the other fellows: The Suburbans, of Tremont, N. Y. City, and the Brooklyn nine from "the Hill" met at the former place on June 28, and the Suburbans waxed the City of Churches' team in grand style. It was anybody's game until the ninth inning, and then the Twenty-fourth warders jumped in and walloped the Brooklynites to the Q. T. A banquet terminated the enjoyable day's sport.

Yale followed up her boating victories over Harvard by showing the baseballists of Uncle Cambridge's

college that they were as cute with the bat as with the oar. The game footed up a denunciation total of 4 to 3 at the end of the ninth inning. By the way, Dean, Harvard's short-stop, will captain the nine next year.

Troy and Oneonta are monkeying with each other for supremacy in the New York State League. At last accounts the Laundry City was but one game ahead, and the Indians were howling for more scalps. This was



ONE BALL!

the official standing of the clubs on Monday, June 30: Troy, 18 won, 10 lost; Oneonta, 18 won, 11 lost; Cobleskill, 16 won, 12 lost; Johnstown-Gloversville, 17 won, 15 lost; Albany, 12 won, 21 lost; Utica, 7 won, 19 lost.

One of our contemporaries has announced that Tiernan is the high muckamuck scorer of the profession. What's the matter with Connor, George Gore and O'Rourke.

Der Boss President Chris Von der Ahe, is still combing the country with a fine tooth comb for talent. Donnelly of the Detroit, and Grimm of the Toronto have recently been corralled by Christopher. Campau will captain and Leadley will manage the Browns.

There is a large and emphatic kick between "Hinesy" and the Allegheny Club. Boodle is the cause of the kick. Paul says that the club owes him money and the club call him a story-teller. Let us trust that both assertions are made in a Pickwickian sense and that they'll shake hands across the bloody sarcasm.

The deaf mutes of the ballwick have organized several baseball clubs. There's one beauty about a game between deaf mutes. They can't cuss the umpire and they can't hear what he says about them.

The Elkhart club, of the Indiana State League, which has been losing money lately, has disbanded. They were unable to pay the guarantee money to the visiting club, and the stockholders refusing to advance any more money, the club went to the wall. Lafayette and Logansport are anxious to enter the league, and one will probably be admitted. All the other clubs, with the exception perhaps of Bluffton, are on a paying basis.

Baby Anson's team got onto Lovett's curves during the week, and as a result the Brooklyn were crowded out.

Pete Sweeney, Joe Herr and Jere Kane have been released by Von der Ahe. One or two more men will be released after the Fourth of July, at which time Von der Ahe expects to secure Virtue and Wheelock, of Detroit.

Comiskey's warriors jumped all over King Kelly's beaners last week. Kilroy's curves looked like meteors as they scooted through the air.

There'll be dead loads of skyrockets, beer, fireworks



A BASE HIT.

and other pyrotechnics on the Glorious Fourth. I'll tell all about them next week, if I don't get blown off with the rest of the disturbance.

PLAY BALL.

REGATTA ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

A movement is on foot to arrange a sculling match for the July regatta of the Mississippi Valley Amateur Rowing Association between Kilby of Ottumwa, Corbett of Chicago and Turner of Marengo. Kilby is now debarred from regular entry in the senior single races of the Association by reason of having already won the medal twice in succession. Corbett holds the single-scull championship of the Upper Mississippi Valley and Turner is a rising oarsman.

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

This kindly notice reaches us from the Montreal, Canada, Gazette:

"Of all the honors that have been showered upon Mr. Mercier there is one that the Ministerial press has not mentioned yet. His picture appears in the last number of the *Police Gazette* of New York as 'A Quebec Statesman.' Immediately underneath is the picture of 'A Pretty Premiere,' Estrella Sylvia, in ballet costume."

NEW CABINET PHOTOS OF THE FOLLOWING FAMOUS ball players: Mat Kilroy, Billy Sweet, Joe Quinn, Billy Nash and Mike Kelly. Price, 10 cents each. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

JEALOUSY CAUSED IT.

A Philadelphian Shoots the Alleged
Betrayer of His Wife.

SALOONKEEPER BUECHER'S GUN.

Dennis Crowley, of 1237 Saverly street, Philadelphia, Pa., was shot in the abdomen one night recently by Joseph Buecher, Jr., a saloonkeeper, and died in St. Mary's Hospital from the effects of his wound shortly afterward. The fatal shot was fired on the southwest corner of Fourth and Girard avenues, directly in front of Buecher's saloon. Crowley was walking down Girard avenue with a friend.

Buecher was standing at the side entrance to his place on Girard avenue. As Crowley passed, the saloonkeeper walked up to him, drew a pistol from his pocket, and taking deliberate aim, shot Crowley in the stomach. Not a word passed between the men.

Immediately after the shooting, Crowley's compan-



HE COVETED HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

ion hailed a cab, and lifting the wounded man in, gave instructions to the driver to drive as fast as possible to St. Mary's Hospital.

In the meantime Officer Wagner of the Tenth district, arrested Buecher. He offered no resistance



CROWLEY TEASES BUECHER.

and refused to say anything about the shooting. After making an examination of Crowley's wound the physicians at St. Mary's Hospital said that there was no chance for his recovery. Towards midnight Buecher was taken to the hospital and brought face to face with his victim. Crowley fully identified him. Buecher remained unmoved and reticent.

The motive for the shooting is said to have been the betrayal of Buecher's wife by Crowley, who was formerly in the employ of the saloonkeeper as a bartender.

On the Friday previous Magistrate Ahern held Mrs. Buecher and another woman in bail upon the oath of their husbands, who charged them with intimacy with the murdered man and another man.

The morning after the shooting Buecher was arraigned before Magistrate Pole in the City Hall Police Court and committed to prison to await the action of the coroner's jury. The hearing was very short, not lasting over a few minutes.

Lieutenant Wolf of the Tenth District stated that he



BUECHER SHOTS CROWLEY.

was notified of the shooting soon after seven o'clock the previous evening, and at once detailed Special Officer Henry to make an investigation.

Henry said he found the revolver with which the shooting was done behind the bar of McDevitt's saloon,

Cadwallader street and Girard avenue, where Buecher had taken it after the affray.

Detective Geyer stated that a number of people witnessed the shooting, but up to that morning he had been able to secure only one witness—Benjamin Lambskin, colored, of Cadwallader and Girard avenue—whom he placed under arrest.

The detective added that Lambskin was very reticent and refused to give him any information, saying that he did not wish to be a witness, as he contemplated removing to Virginia.

Magistrate Pole held Lambskin in \$600 bail to insure his presence at the trial.

Since the shooting it has been learned that Buecher had previously come before Magistrate O'Brien and sworn out a warrant for Crowley's arrest, charging him with threatening to take his life and with the larceny of \$130 while in his employ as a bartender. The warrant was handed to Special Officer Henry to serve at 6:20 o'clock, just ten minutes before Crowley was shot.

Buecher was formerly a deputy constable under Constable Richard Thompson of Magistrate List's office.

It is said that Crowley, after a recent escapade with Mrs. Buecher, hired a barouche and drove around and around Buecher's house to tease him.

A SCHOOL-HOUSE WRECKED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lee County, Ill., was recently the scene of a tornado which left death and desolation in its wake. It is estimated that the list of those killed will foot up a score. Mrs. Bitner, who was in her home at Sublette when the storm struck the house, was instantly killed and the building was wrecked. Every particle of clothing was torn from the woman's body.

From Sublette the cloud of wind changed its course to Paw Paw, where it struck the Deacon Hunt School. Miss McBride, the teacher, and several of the pupils were killed. Following is a list of those known to have lost their lives: Winnie Berry, Paw Paw; Mrs. Bitner, Sublette; Jennie Bradley, Paw Paw; Edna Hunt, Paw Paw; Maggie McBride, teacher of the Hunt school, Sublette; Robbie Oederkirk, Paw Paw; Lena Prentice, Paw Paw; Politch, wife and two children, Paw Paw; Peter Reams, Paw Paw; Carrie Rice, Sublette; Ada Rudolph, Paw Paw; Arvane Radley, Brooklyn; Carey White, Paw Paw; Mrs. Zory, Wyoming; Unknown school child, killed at Holdiger's house; lived in Wyoming township.

A PREMATURE DROP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A serious accident occurred recently during a performance in the Opera House, in Ludington, Mich. The Eunice Goodrich Co., were playing "Cinderella." In the cast was Mr. Stuart Anderson. At the close of the first act the curtain descended prematurely and the heavy roller struck Anderson upon the head knocking him insensible. James R. McCann, another member of the company who was directly behind Anderson, was struck upon the back, but was not seriously hurt. Anderson was carried off the stage and his wounds dressed, after which the play proceeded, the wounded actor going through his part with his head done up in bandages. Several actresses barely escaped injury.

JUMPED ALL OVER HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Connor, of Canal street, Newark, N. J., recently became involved in a quarrel with Max Helfkott, on the above named street, and knocked him down and then jumped on him. He was injured so badly that his life is despaired of. The woman, who weighs 225 pounds, was not arrested. The police say the reason is that she is in a high state of excitement. She is under surveillance.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF SUICIDES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. J. M. Fish, the wife of the Deputy Sheriff of Butte, Mont., was awakened a few nights ago by her husband taking a pistol from a drawer. Mrs. Fish divined his purpose and sprang from the bed to her husband's side to prevent him taking his own life. The sheriff overpowered his wife and ended his life by shooting. The cause of the act is unknown.

FOUND IN A RESERVOIR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The body of Hewitt Van Marter, was found a few days ago in the water works at Trenton, N. J. His left wrist was fastened with a string to his ankle. In a note found on his person, the dead man had written that he was unworthy of burial. A letter was also found addressed to a Miss Minetta Heidweiler. The suicide's parents live at Ringoes, N. Y.

A HAPPY MAN.

What a Dollar Investment Did For a Resident of
This City.

Andrew Andersen is a Swede residing at 26 Elm street, in this city, and a happier man it would be difficult to find. He is employed by G. W. Kent, grain merchant, and is known as a steady and reliable man. For the past two or three months Mr. Andersen has each month purchased a ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery. He didn't expect to win anything, but after buying one ticket he thought he might as well continue the practice in the hope that at some time he might win a small prize.

Last month Mr. Andersen purchased a one-twentieth ticket as usual, and the day following the drawing he saw in the papers that ticket 35,287 had drawn a prize of \$50,000. The number seemed familiar to him, and hunting up the ticket he had purchased he compared it with the winning numbers. Then he almost fell over in astonishment, for his dollar ticket had drawn one twentieth of \$50,000 and Mr. Andersen's investment had netted him \$2,500. Naturally he was greatly overjoyed at his good fortune, but received the congratulations of his neighbors in a modest manner.

Mr. Andersen at once went to the gentleman in this city from whom he purchased the ticket, and a few minutes later he held a check for \$2,500 in his hand. Being a sensible man he has not allowed his good fortune to turn his head and is now at his work laboring as industriously as before his great streak of luck. He has deposited his \$2,500, and when a favorable opportunity for investment affords itself he will withdraw it. The news of Mr. Andersen's fortune has made him a noted man in this vicinity. —*Puck* (R. I.) Times, June 14.

DON'T FAIL TO SEND TWENTY FIVE CENTS FOR OUR elegant 328-page illustrated catalogue of sporting, gymnasium, theatrical and other goods. Over 1,000 illustrations. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



THE BOAT RACE ON THE THAMES.
COLLEGE BOYS DO THEMSELVES PROUD AT NEW LONDON, CONN.—YALE DOWNS HARVARD
AND THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS CHEER THE 'VARSITY CREWS.



A SCHOOLHOUSE WRECKED.
THE RECENT CYCLONE'S FATAL WORK IN SUBLETTE, ILL., AND THROUGH THE SURROUNDING NEIGHBORHOOD.



A DEPUTY SHERIFF SUICIDES.
J. M. FISH, A BUTTE, MONTANA, OFFICIAL, STARTLES HIS WIFE BY SHOOTING HIMSELF IN THEIR BEDROOM.

DIXON DOWNS WALLACE.

A Fierce Battle in the Pelican Club, London, Eng.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

LONDON, June 28, 1890.
The international prize fight between George Dixon of Boston, Mass., the colored bantam champion of America, and Nunc Wallace of Birmingham, the bantam champion of England, was decided in the Pelican Club last night, and the American clearly demonstrated his superiority over the English champion, fought him to a standstill, and in the eighteenth round, after one hour and ten minutes of hurricane fighting, knocked him out. It was a Waterloo for the Englishman and his backers. The champions fought at 114 pounds, for a purse of £500, according to what are known in America as "Police Gazette" rules, with four-ounce gloves. The battle was fought in a 24-foot ring erected in the gymnasium of the club.

Among the large assemblage present were the Marquis of Queensberry, Sir John Astley, Lord Saranac, Mayo and Dr. Clifford, the Earl of Manchester, Lord Eric Gordon, Lord Londale, and many other noblemen. Among the sporting men present were John O'Neill, John Jones, W. Riley, Charles White (the "Duke's Motto"), Billy Madden, Joe McCaffrey, Jack Percival, George W. Moore, Charles Mitchell and others.

The American was seconded by McDougall, the president of the Parnell Athletic Club of Boston, and Thomas O'Rourke, his backer. Alf Greenfield of Birmingham and Dick Roberts, both famous in prize ring annals, seconded Wallace. George Vize was referee.

There were big bets laid on the result of the fight. All day yesterday the bookmakers laid "ponies" and "monkeys" on Wallace, and later £200 to £500 on the English champion. Dixon's gentlemanly manner had gained him a host of friends, and readily they accepted the odds.

Harry Bull, better known as "Chippy Norton," backed Wallace, and Jack Percival put out a big commission on the English champion. Lord Londale made, it is said, two wagers of £500 each with a well known bookmaker, and he also wagered £1,000 with Sam Lewis, the money lender, that Dixon would win.

There was quite a contrast between the rival champions. Dixon was lithe and of the greyhound build, while Wallace was every way stouter, and if one was to judge by appearance he would not suppose the American had any chance of conquering Wallace.

After the battle began Wallace fought with great caution, while Dixon fought the fighting and would not be dodged. There was little fighting in the first round, but it was plain to be seen that the American was a better man than many supposed. In the second round the fighting was terrific, but the round ended without either gaining any advantage.

The third round was decidedly in Dixon's favor. In the fourth round Dixon forced Wallace to the ropes and outfought him. Wallace, stung by the American's uppercuts and terrific body blows, summoned all his strength, and terrific fighting followed. Wallace knocked Dixon to his knees, but the latter was quickly on his feet, and fought Wallace to a standstill.

The fifth round was a desperate one, and both gave and received severe punishment. In the sixth round the American took a decided lead in the fighting. He landed a terrific left-hand blow on Wallace's right eye and nearly closed it. He then fought Wallace all over the ring, to the dismay of the English champion's backers.

From this round Dixon outfought Wallace, and the excitement among the audience was intense. In the ninth round Wallace attempted to resort to wrestling tactics, but Dixon kept out of his way the better part of the time and sent in several resounding blows on the other's head and body. At the close of the ninth round the Americans were all cheering Dixon.

In the tenth round Wallace, to save himself, clung around Dixon's neck, and in spite of the orders of the referee and the shouts of the spectators, he refused to let go, but holding his opponent with one arm, struck at him wildly with the other. Dixon fought furiously, and knocked Wallace heavily to the floor. The English champion got up bleeding like a stuck pig and staggered like a drunken man. The call of time saved the Englishman.

Wallace never got over the punishment of this round, and many of the swells were surprised to see him come into the ring in the eleventh round. Dixon soon went to his man, but did not want to spoil all his chances for getting a good name for fairness. The betting now changed to 2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Dixon, but even these odds found very few takers. From round 12 to 17 Dixon, who is a hurricane fighter, had it all his own way, but was merciful. In the last round he knocked Wallace all over the ring without Wallace being able to make an effort to retaliate, and finding he could stand it no longer, Wallace's second threw up the sponge.

Dixon was cheered to the echo. Every one allowed he was the greatest little pugilist ever seen here since Peter Morris flourished in 1866.

After the excitement the American party, who were very heavy winners, raised their champion aloft in their arms and carried him around the ring. All the Pelicans cheered and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." Dixon showed no marks of punishment whatever, while Wallace was badly bruised about the body and face. His right eye was cut open. The men fought with 4-ounce gloves. Wallace announced that he would challenge Dixon to a bare-knuckle fight for a big sum in two months. Dixon told your correspondent, after he had dressed, that he was perfectly willing to fight with bare fists, but would only have a limited number of persons on each side present. He said Wallace did not make such a terrific fight as he expected, but was a good man all the same.

Though not yet 30 years old, George Dixon has won many battles. He thrashed most of the boys of his size before he dreamed of becoming a professional pugilist, and after he began fighting in earnest he punched his way to the top of the local ladder of fame in Boston. He has defeated young Mack, Jack Lynnam, Jack Cary, Charles Parton, Ned Morris, James Brackett, Paddy Kelly, Eugene Hornbacker, Jack Farrell, Paddy Kearney, and others not so well known, and he fought a dozen draws, among which his seventy-round battle with Cal McCarthy figures conspicuously. Dixon is a pleasant-faced millicent, built something on the style of Peter Johnson, with a long reach and wonderfully quick limbs. Next to John L. Sullivan he is the pugilistic pride of Boston.

"Nunc" or Edwin Wallace is nearly a year older than Dixon and he was regarded as a world-beater in his class by his English admirers. He is of Scotch extraction and has been fighting for three years and soon became the champion of England at his weight. He is essentially a bare-knuckle fighter, but he has shown himself to be clever with the gloves on several occasions. Wallace's first battle of note was with Charles Jones, of Birmingham, whom he defeated after a hard battle. He then went on whipping all the men in his class, until he was finally defeated by Bill Goods of Battersea. Subsequently, however, Wallace whipped Goods in nine rounds. George Camp of Bournemouth was defeated in January of this year by Wallace, after 15 rounds of vicious fighting.

TOMMY KELLY AND BENNY MURPHY.

The international fight for a purse of \$1,000 between Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider and well-known bantam, and Benny Murphy, the English pugilist, brother to Frank Murphy, was decided on June 28. About three hundred spectators journeyed to the trying place and paid \$10 each to see the mill. The articles called for skin-tight gloves, "Police Gazette" rules, but Kelly being over weight, the backer of Murphy, Harry Webb, refused to allow their man to fight unless two-ounce "Police Gazette" champion boxing gloves were used. Billy Oliver, Kelly's backer, finally agreed.

Kelly had the services of Jack Quinn, the Scotch champion,

and the light-weight champion of the world, Jack McAuliffe. Prof. Nixey, Jim McCormick, the well-known turfman, of New York, N. J., seconded Murphy. William E. Harding was agreed upon as referee, but he refused to fill the position. Dominick McCaffrey was then selected. James Wakeley and Bob Turnbull were time-keepers.

Among the sports present were Jim Gideon, Phil Dwyer, Sheeney Cohn, John McCormick, the well-known turfman, Sugar Murphy, John Mullen, George E. Stosomb, J. Jacobs, John McCabe and a host of well-known sporting, theatrical and turfmen. Betting was \$100 to \$70 on Kelly but there was little speculation. After the first round bets of 10 to 5 were offered that the fight wouldn't last ten rounds, and 10 to 3 that Kelly would win.

The first round opened with some cautious sparring. Then Kelly led, but his blow fell a little short. Then the Spider rushed his man and slid him across the floor and rushed him to the ropes. Another rush followed one of the stakes. Kelly then countered on Murphy's ribs and mouth. Then he rushed him again and landed hard with both right and left, and just before time was called Kelly got in one left-hand smash that staggered his opponent. Murphy landed some blows, but they didn't amount to much.

In the second, after a little sparring, Kelly landed a stinging right-hander that won first blood for him. Then he rushed the fight, driving Murphy before him. Murphy clinched a number of times and got in a few hard blows, but he was rushed against the ropes again and again, and was practically knocked down twice before time was called. Murphy was bleeding badly when he went to his corner, and looked weary. Kelly's face was ornamented with a slight laceration, just over his left eye.

The third round lasted about two minutes. Kelly rushed Murphy against and through the ropes three or four times. Murphy made a game resistance, but it was the protest of a sheet of paper against a windmill. Kelly rained blows on Murphy, and in a clinch uppercut him again and again. Murphy hit Kelly in the nose, and set it bleeding, but the Spider didn't mind it a bit. He rushed Murphy into a corner and knocked him down. Three times Murphy got up, only to be knocked over.

The last left-hander finished him, and the fight went to Kelly, who, beyond a slight lump over his forehead and blue nose, was fresh and chipper, while Murphy had to be carried to his corner.

On June 28 warrants were issued for the arrest of Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider; Billy Oliver, his backer; Jack Quinn and Jack McAuliffe, his seconds; Benny Murphy, The Fly; Charles Norton, Prof. Nixey, Harry Webb, and, indeed, all the parties interested in the affair. Inspector Brynne instructed his men to arrest the parties. Reports of the fight between Kelly and Murphy stated that the fight had taken place at Centerville, L. I. The police received information, however, to the effect that the fight had occurred in a hall in 12 St. Mark's place. Billy Oliver, they were informed, was the man who arranged the fight, and Dominick McCaffrey was referee.

Inspector Williams captured the person who let the hall for the fight. It proved to be Mrs. Annie Drester, whose husband keeps a saloon and the hall at the address mentioned. She was locked up.

Dominick McCaffrey was the last to be captured. Inspector Williams caught him at the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-fifth street. Justice O'Reilly went to Police Headquarters and took bail of \$500 each for four of the prisoners—Mrs. Anna Drester, McAuliffe, McCaffrey and Oliver.

BEZINAH DEFEATS COMER.

On June 28, at Dayton, O., Louis Bezinah, the Covington, Ky., light-weight, defeated Tommy Comer, of Cincinnati, in 35 rounds with 2 ounce gloves. Until the 13th round, when Comer got first blood, the fight seemed against Bezinah. After this, however, Bezinah worked hard, and as Comer became tired pushed the fighting till at length Comer was knocked out in the 35th round. The battle lasted 2 hours 13 minutes.

JAKE WANTS ANOTHER GO AT JOHN L.

Jake Kilrain has backers, and he does not intend to allow John L. Sullivan to shine as the champion pugilist of the world without battling for the title. Frank Stevenson is behind Kilrain, and he is confident that the Baltimore gladiator can defeat Sullivan, and is willing to find \$5,000 for Kilrain for another match with John L. Kilrain is determined not to allow the grass to grow under his feet, and the following challenge to Sullivan has been published:

"I herewith challenge John L. Sullivan to fight me to a finish with bare knuckles or tight gloves, London prize ring rules. The fight to come off in Fort Worth, Texas, for the purse offered by the Fort Worth Athletic Club. I mean business and have all the backing I want, for any amount. Sullivan must fight or relinquish his claim to the 'Police Gazette' championship belt and the championship of the world."

GAMES OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION.

The games of the Amateur Athletic Union at West Brighton, Staten Island, on June 28, attracted a great number of spectators. In the struggle between the rival athletic clubs for points the New York Athletic Club won. The following is the score. New York A. C., 56 points; Manhattan A. C., 30 points; Boston A. A., 16 points; Staten Island A. C., 11 points; Schuylkill Navy, 6 points; New Jersey A. C., 6 points; Berkeley A. C., 6 points; Pastime A. C., 1 point. The following were the winners: 100 Yard Run—T. J. Lee, New York A. C. Time, 10½ seconds. One Mile Walk—Won by C. L. Nicol, Manhattan A. C., with E. D. Lang, Manhattan A. C., second, and J. Lambert, Pastime A. C., third. Time, 7 minutes 54½ seconds. 120 Yard Hurdle Race—G. Schweger, New York A. C., won; H. L. Williams, Am club, second. Time, 16½ seconds. 440 Yard Race—Won by W. C. Downs, New York A. C. and Harvard A. A., with W. C. Dohm, New York A. C. and Princeton A. A., second. Time, 51½ seconds. Three Mile Run—Won by W. McCarthy, Manhattan A. C., with Ernest Hjertberg, New Jersey A. C., second. Time, 15 minutes 30 seconds.

Running High Jump—Won by J. E. Morse, Boston A. C., with a jump of 4 feet 11½ inches; D. Long, Boston A. C., was second with a jump of 4 feet 10 inches. Eight hundred and eighty yards run—Won by W. C. Dohm, New York A. C., with H. Wright, New York A. C. and Harvard A. C., second. Time, 2 minutes 1½ seconds. Two hundred and twenty yards run—Won by T. I. Lee, New York A. C., with Fred Westing, Manhattan A. C., second. Time, 22½ seconds.

Banning broad jump—Won by E. E. Ramsdell, Schuylkill Navy A. C., with a jump of 25 feet 6 inches; A. A. Jordan, New York A. C., was second, with a jump of 21 feet 11½ inches. Two hundred and twenty yards hurdle race—Final heat won by G. Schweger, New York A. C.; E. E. Barnes, New Jersey A. C., second. Time, 20½ seconds.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by C. A. J. Queckbörner, Staten Island A. C., with a throw of 125 feet 4½ inches. W. L. Condon, New York A. C., was second with a throw of 110 feet 1½ inches.

Throwing 56-Pound Weight—Won by C. A. J. Queckbörner, Staten Island A. C., with a throw of 81 feet 2½ inches, beating the world's record of 78 feet 1 inch; D. Long, Boston A. A., was second, with a throw of 75 feet 4½ inches.

Pole Vault—Won by R. F. Curry, Boston A. A., with a vault of 10 feet 4½ inches; E. D. Rider, New York A. C. and Yale A. A., was second.

Two Mile Bicycle Race—This was a walkover for Willie Windie, of the Berkeley Athletic Club.

WE ALWAYS SATISFY.

The following comes from an admirer in Baltimore, Md.: RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir, I received from your Purchase and Supply Department this morning a No. 3 Remington revolver, which I ordered a few days ago. I think it is the best weapon for the price I ever saw. It is far above my expectations for the price. \$5. I do not see how you can sell it for that price, as it is well worth \$10 of any man's money. Respectfully yours, G. T. PELLING.

NEW CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF CAL. MCCARTHY, feather-weight champion pugilist. Price, 10 cents. Sent by mail to any address. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

SPORTS FROM ALL OVER.

General All 'Round Athletes and Their Doings,

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.

The following special cable was received at this office:

LONDON, June 30, 1890.

RICHARD K. FOX—The international contest between Joe McAuliffe, the American Giant, and Frank P. Slavin, the Australian champion, is the topic in sporting circles. The articles of agreement drawn up by the Directors of the Pelican Club have been signed by McAuliffe. Slavin has not yet signed.

McAuliffe has made a host of friends, who stand ready to back him. Billy Madden claims that Slavin is afraid of McAuliffe, or else he wants the best of it.

The Ormond Club offer a purse of \$1,000 for Slavin and the American Giant to battle for. Slavin has agreed to fight for that purse. It is probable that the Pelican Club will also increase the Lonsdale purse.

ATKINSON.

A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, has won the championship trap shooting trophy of Missouri.

Chas. E. Courtney is secretly getting into trim for a single scull-race with Fred Plasted in August.

Peter Jackson has gained considerably in weight since his arrival from Australia, and is now a giant.

John H. Clark defeated James Brennan, the light-weight champion of Oregon, recently, at Denver, Col.

William Young proposes to bring to America the famous Clyde Association Football team, champions of England.

George Hankins has bought Palisade, 3 years old, by Foxhatten—Indemnity. Last year Palisade won many first-class races.

A purse of \$800 is offered for Ed Fanian and Geo. H. Hoemer for a three-mile race at Sioux City, Iowa, the winner to take \$500 and the loser \$300.

Tommy Russell, the Harlem bantam-weight, says he has secured backing to the extent of \$500 for a battle with any man of his weight, 105 pounds.

The California Club is trying to arrange a fight between Danny Needham and Andy Bowen, who recently defeated Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone.

At Denver, Col., recently, Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, knocked out Mike Burke, of St. Louis, in one round. The battle lasted 1 minute 20 seconds.

Jimmy Carroll is prepared to match an unknown to fight any middle-weight in the world, barring Jack Dempsey, for a suitable purse and not less than \$1,000 a side.

At the last meeting of the directors of the Gladstone Athletic Club of Providence P. M. Cassidy, a prominent sporting man of Harlem, was made an honorary member of the club.

Jimmy Larkins, who is matched to fight Billy Murphy, the Australian, before the California Athletic Club the first week in August, will start for the Golden Gate July 2. Johnny Murray, a friend, will go with Larkins to help look after his training.

A checker tournament for \$200 in prizes will be held at Von Minden & Hesse's, 24 Avenue A, corner Second street, New York City, on June 30, July 1, 2, 3, 8, 9 and 11, 1890. Chas. W. Conrath is managing the affair, and nearly a dozen are entered for the prizes.

The following special was received at this office, NIAGARA, June 27, 1890.

RICHARD K. FOX—John L. Somes, of Suspension Bridge, N. Y., has issued a challenge to James Finney, the champion swimmer of England, to swim through the Whirlpool rapids for \$1,000 a side.

Frank Bannan, the teamster at Snake Hill prison who was knocked out by William Grigan in a fight for a small purse at Arlington, N. J., on May 26, has never recovered his reason. Grigan was arrested in Harrison, N. J., on June 16, and taken to Jersey City. Frank Moore, who seconded Grigan, gave bail to appear if wanted, and Dennis Dunn, Bannan's second, promised to do the same.

A new athletic organization, known as the Lewiston Athletic Club, has been organized at Lewiston, Neb. Every apparatus for the purpose of physical development has been ordered, under the supervision of General Instructor R. J. Eugene, of the Olympic Club, of San Francisco. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: F. A. Oak, late of Indiana, president; B. Benjamin, vice-president; B. James, treasurer; C. M. Ransom, secretary; S. D. Robert, superintendent; B. J. Eugene, general instructor.

George Buebar, the champion oarsman of England, defeated Robert J. Brown in a single-scull race on the Clarence River, Australia, recently on a foul. Time 22 minutes 15 seconds. The stakes were \$1,000. Buebar was not cheered for his victory, but hoisted for the man advantage he took of courting a foul. Brown accidentally got in the Englishman's water, and before he succeeded in leaving it, Buebar purposely rowed into Brown's boat, claimed foul and stopped rowing. The referee gave Buebar the race because he could not do otherwise.

Charles Smith, the 116-pound champion of England, called at this office and issued a challenge to box the winner of the Nunc Wallace and George Dixon contest. The following cable was sent to the Sporting Life, London, England:

NEW YORK, June 28, 1890.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON, Sporting Life, London—Charles Smith, the 116-pound champion, called at this office to-day. He offers to box the winner of the Dixon and Wallace battle at 8 stone 4 pounds, if Pelican Club puts up purse of £200 or £300 and allows him expenses.

A. J. McGlellan, the backer and manager of Prof. Edward J. Northrup, the aerial champion parachute jumper, called at this office, posted \$100 forfeit and issued a challenge to match Northrup against any parachute jumper in America for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the championship, each to ascend with balloons, and at a given signal to cut loose and descend. The contestant reaching the ground first with his parachute to be declared the winner. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint referee. The contest to take place at Coney Island three weeks from signing articles. This is an opportunity for ambitious parachute artists.

Advices from San Francisco state that both Charles Turner and Jack Davis have refused to fight Fitzsimmons, the New Zealand middle-weight champion. Joe Ellingsworth, when he signed to fight Danny Kelleher, agreed, in the event of his winning, to fight Turner. But now he has backed out on the ground that it would add nothing to his record to whip a man whom Kelleher had disposed of. He has been signed to fight Fitzsimmons in August before the California Club. Joe is a very clever and level-headed fighter. He made a mistake in not fighting Turner instead of Fitz, because he can whip the Stockton colored champion, while Fitz will polish him off in good style.

The following special was received at this office:

NIORRARA, Neb.

The citizens of this place will raise a purse of \$10,000, and possibly a larger sum, for John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson to battle for. We suggest that the fight shall be fought on the land lying south of the 43d parallel, and between the Missouri river and Niobrara river, near this place. This land is not under the control of either Nebraska or Dakota; in fact it is no man's land, so far as government is concerned, and the mill could be had here without the least fear of any trouble as to prosecutions. This place can be reached by either the Northwestern or Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroads.

(Signed) CITIZENS' COMMITTEE OF NIORRARA, NEB.

THE 'VARSITY RACES.

Yale Knocks Harvard Out and Columbia Downs
Harvard—Other College Races.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The annual intercollegiate eight-oared race between the picked crews of Yale College, of New Haven, Conn., and Harvard College, of Cambridge, Mass., was rowed over the regular course on the Thames, at New London, Conn., on June 27. The race attracted a tremendous crowd of spectators from all parts of the country, and it was estimated that 50,000 spectators were present to witness the struggle between the rival oarsmen. Sporting men, who annually attend this great contest, were present, and put out their funds readily on Harvard. The crews were made up as follows:

YALE UNIVERSITY CREW.

Name	Class	Age	Weight	Height
Row—O. N. Rogers	9th	20	150	6
2—W. A. Simms	9th	20	164	6
3—G. S. Brewster	9th	21	183	6½
4—J. A. Hartwell	P. G.	20	173	6½
5—A. B. Newell	9th	22	142	6½
6—H. T. Ferris	9th	21	185	6
7—S. B. Ives	9th	19	175	5½
Stroke—Allen, Captain	9th	20	165	5½
Cox—R. Thimmon	9th	22	117	5½
Average weight—173½.				

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW.

Name	Class	Age	Weight	Height
Row—G. J. Nelson	9th	23	162	5½
2—F. H. Whitthrop	9th	21	160	6
3—D. H. Goddard	9th	19	174	6
4—T. N. Perkins	9th	20	162	6
5—R. D. Upham	9th	23	188	6½
6—H. Kellon	9th	23	190	6
7—E. T. Thion	9th	22	187	6½
Stroke—P. Hutchinson, Capt.	9th	21	155	5½
Cox—H. M. Battelle	9th	20	100	5½
Average weight—171.				

After the start there was intense excitement among the on-lookers, and when Harvard shot, with a sweeping stroke, to the fore, "Rah! Rah! Rah!" Harvard's battle cry, could be heard all along the banks of the river, and Harvard's colors were waved by the thousands of the Cambridge's admirers.

On sweep the sixteen brawny oarsmen, struggling like demons, Harvard maintaining the lead but Yale's crew, well stroked by Captain Allen, is rowing at a splendid pace. The sixteen bright blades cut the water as one. Yale is putting on steam and gradually gaining on Harvard. At the mile and a half Harvard's shell is still in front but the stroke is not as strong, neither do the eight brawny athletes row in unison. Yale like a sleuth-bound begins to creep up on the Harvard shell, inch by inch, and the excitement is at fever heat.

Harvard knows she is in for it now. See how she spurts. Whitthrop, No. 2, is beginning to feel the pace. His head wobbles a little, but he grittily braces up.

Battelle steers too close to his flag at the two-mile mark and has to swerve a little to starboard to pass it. This loses six feet for him. Harvard is in hard luck. Yale is whooping it up now in earnest. She has half a length lead. Allen is determined to rub it well in, and he lengthens out his reach. So do all his seven brothers. Their swing is like perfect machinery. In half a mile Yale's lead is increased to one and a half lengths. Whitthrop, Harvard's No. 2, is splashing badly. He is game as a pebble, though, and will take any amount of killing. Battelle makes a bad swerve to starboard to pass the two and a half mile flag and loses another fathom for Harvard.

Harvard's giants are getting tired. They are beginning to splash. First the port oars, then the starboard begin to take the water irregularly. The shell rolls from side to side. Between the three and three and a half mile flags Yale increases her lead by another length. She is doing only 34 strokes to the minute to Harvard's 27.

Battelle makes a bad swerve to port in the last half mile. Harvard loses by it, but the loss does not materially affect the result. Yale's men are still rowing as regularly and evenly as they began. Harvard is all gone to pieces. The men are game but their rowing is irregular. They can't keep time. Stroke Hutchinson gets his oar in the water last every time.

Bang from a cannon. Yale has crossed the line in 21 minutes 20 seconds. Harvard is only six strokes behind her. Then the flag drops again and Harvard crosses the line in 21 minutes 40 seconds, beaten by nearly four lengths. Row, No. 2 and No. 5 double up over their oars. They are "pump-d," that's all.

The time and stroke at each half mile are as follows:

Distance	Yale	Harvard	Yale	Harvard
Start	0:00	0:00	36	34
Half mile	2:32	2:32	36	34
One mile	5:24	5:24	34	36
1½ miles	7:54	7:53	34	35
Two miles	10:40	10:33	34	34
2½ miles	13:21	13:27	34	34
3 miles	16:11	16:20	36	36
3½ miles	19:00	19:27	36	36
4 miles	21:29	21:40	45	34

Referee—Herman Oelrichs. Judges—Robert J. Cook, Yale; W. A. Brooks, Harvard. Timekeepers—George A. Allen, Yale; Robert A. Herlick, Harvard. Judges at Finish—S. B. Morrison, Yale; Ned Kanton, Harvard.

After the Varsity race was over, preparations were made for the race between Harvard and Columbia colleges' freshmen.

There was a long delay in clearing the course, and when that task was completed the eight oarsmen that represented New York and Cambridge came to the starting point. The crews were made up as follows:

COLUMBIA FRESHMEN.

Name	Weight
Row—F. J. Oakes	140
2—W. B. Ehrman	154
3—D. G. Miller	167
4—L. A. Schofield	167
5—L. V. Southwick	150
6—Talbot	145
7—H. S. McKee	150
8—A. D. Prince	165
Stroke—H. W. Weatherup	145
Cox—A. N. Stout	103½
Average—150½.	

HARVARD FRESHMEN.

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STANSBURY THE VICTOR.

His Defeat of O'Connor a Leading Topic.

LE BLANCHE AND HERGET.

I was not surprised when the cable flashed the intelligence that the international single-oar race between Wm. O'Connor, the American single-oar champion, and James Stansbury, of Shoal Haven, New South Wales, for £500 a side, had resulted in a victory for the Australian.

In these columns in 1888, when William Beach and Henry E. Searle were posing as the champions of the world, I referred to James Stansbury as the successor of these once great oarsmen, for, although the Australian had not rowed against the champions, he had displayed wonderful speed and stamina and he was constantly improving. One can judge that he was looked upon as a formidable oarsman when he was matched to row Henry E. Searle. The race was rowed on June 13, 1888, and Searle won, but Stansbury pushed him so hard and with such determination, that to win, Searle had to row over the Parramatta course faster than it was ever rowed over by William Beach, Trickett, or any other oarsman. Searle's time was 19 minutes 53 1/2 seconds. The best previous time had been 19 minutes 53 1/2 seconds, made by William Beach when he defeated Edward Hanlan the second time.

In the race that Searle beat Stansbury, the latter was only five feet behind at the finish, which goes to show what speed oarsmen both the winner and vanquished were. Stansbury has had nearly two years in which to improve and he is now perfect as an oarsman, and when he defeats such a flyer as William O'Connor he must be a veritable champion.

The defeat of O'Connor ends all prospects of the championship of the world being brought back to America, when it departed when William Beach defeated Edward Hanlan on March 28, 1884.

It is no use of regretting that we can not hold the lead in all sports. In rifle shooting, the turf (both in racing and trotting), in pedestrianism, the amateur branch and in pugilism and yachting America is ahead of the world. So that as long as this country leads in the majority of the athletic and physical attainments, we can spare the rowing championship of single-oars.

I do not wonder Stansbury defeated O'Connor. In a recent interview in an Australian paper the American gives a dissertation on the art of training. I think it is a most extraordinary treatise. Summing up a few remarks on the necessity of rowing or sculling with your head—metaphorically speaking, of course—he states that:

"Rowing a match requires as much judgment and generalship as a campaign between two generals in charge of two large and experienced armies. Instead of sliding forward, I draw the boat up to me with my legs, and an outsider looking at me imagines I recover very slowly, which opinion is due to the fact of the body being done underneath, and is not so delectable as when rushing back with the body. By the rushing back to recover your stroke you stop the motion of the boat, whereas when I finish my stroke with the sculls I draw the boat under me with my legs, and in this manner always keep her in motion, and also recover for my next stroke."

I have read all of the standard works on rowing, and was with Walter Brown, the champion oarsman, at Boston, when he first introduced the sliding seat and made it work on scientific principles. If he was alive to-day he would smile at the American champion's theory of rowing.

O'Connor's theory may be right, but it is plain that if you are working from the rower's position—the platform of a sliding seat—to overcome resistance from a stationary stretcher-board, and to conquer the opposition and actually pull the boat, as he says, it must be at the cost of tremendous friction, because you must press on the slide with force enough to make the seat an absolute fixture to be able to move anything at all towards you with a leg. Then, while the said pull is telling and the boat is being brought forward, the pressure being kept up on the slide for that purpose, the boat's forward progress must necessarily be accomplished at the cost of great inconvenience. What advantage then, would an oarsman gain? None.

If you lose the weight on the slide, so that it allows the boat to run freely under you on the wheels of the slide while the seat is stationary, there would not be anything to prevent the seat's sliding with you towards the stretcher, and that would not do at all.

In my opinion, O'Connor's theory is all wrong, or he has not studied the science of rowing except as to how to drive a shell through the water by main strength, backed up by staying powers. This despatch is *apropos*.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., June 24.
O'Connor, the oarsman, who was beaten by Stansbury yesterday, has protested against the payment of the stakes to the latter. O'Connor claims the race on the ground that Stansbury took his water a quarter of a mile from the start and that a foul ensued. The umpire deny that there was a foul. The Sydney Herald says that O'Connor has claimed the championship because Kemp would not accept his challenge. O'Connor will not row in Australia again. He will challenge Kemp to row on the Thames for £500 a side.

I see that the many admirers of James Finney, the champion swimmer of the world, made a great splash, or at least his friends did, over the POLICE GAZETTE's gold medal, which the proprietor of this paper recently sent to him. I remember Finney in England and witnessed him give a wonderful exhibition of picking up pennies under the water. I forget how many, but I know he beat the record. In regard to Finney and his new trophy, I clipped the following from the *Sporting Life* of June 13:

"The Victoria Baths, Southport, were crowded by an aristocratic company of ladies and gentlemen, to witness the presentation of a gold medal given by Mr. Richard K. Fox, New York Police Gazette. Last year, when Mr. Fox was in this country, he was entertained by Finney, and so impressed with what he saw that he then and there determined to show his appreciation in a substantial manner. Accordingly there arrived from New York a few days ago a massive medal of superior workmanship and design, a description of which is as follows: A large circular center piece of solid gold and pale blue enamel, round which is a wreath, and in the middle the figure of a diver. This is surrounded by the American and English flags, the head of a fox separating the stars and stripes and red ensign, the eyes of the cunning one consisting of rubies. This is suspended from three bars, bearing the inscription: 'Presented by Richard K. Fox, Proprietor of the Police Gazette, New York, U. S. A., to James Finney, Champion All-round Swimmer of the World.' At the summit of the medal, which is eight inches long, is the American eagle in full flight, and it is almost needless to state that the trophy was generally admired."

Peter Cannon, the famous Scotch long-distance runner, has arrived in this country and issued a challenge to run any man in America from one to ten miles for \$500 or \$1,000. Cannon has located at Natick, Mass. Professional runners of sterling merit, at one, two, and three to ten miles, are scarce in this country, and it is doubtful if the Scotch runner will get a race unless for gate money. I do not know any one outside of Tommy Delaney fast enough to give the Scotch runner a race, and if the latter came over here expecting to find plenty of men worthy of his steel, he reckoned without his host.

By the way I learn that J. S. Harriman accomplished the feat of walking from New York to San Francisco.

Harriman attempted the feat, it is said, for a wager of \$5,000 and he made the distance in sixty one days. There was not half the excitement over Harriman's feat that there was when Edward Payson Weston attempted to walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., and successfully accomplished the feat. Now, who is going to prove that Harriman accomplished this alleged wonderful feat, or who can prove he did not do so? If he did fairly and honestly tramp for two months, he is well entitled to the \$5,000, and I trust that the purse was not a myth, but that it was his reward in Uncle Sam's treasury notes.

There will be considerable wire pulling necessary in San Francisco in the future, over big and important glove contests. Recently the fatal glove contest in the Golden Gate Athletic Club has stirred up the State authorities.

Governor Waterman, of California, addressed a very strong letter to Attorney-General Johnson on the subject of prize fighting. In which he called the Attorney-General's attention to the fact "that the State has been thoroughly and completely disgraced by the maintenance of organizations given up to degrading and disgusting exhibitions of brute force in so-called scientific contests," and invoked his aid in putting a stop to the fighting. Chief of Police Crowley, of San Francisco, announced that he would make an effort to stop glove contests between professional pugilists as seen in various athletic clubs of the city. He intimated strongly that he would arrest the principals, seconds, club officials and probably the spectators at the next contest to be given in any of the clubs, and would have them prosecuted under the State law, which prohibits prize fighting.

L. B. Fulda, the president of the California Athletic Club, decided to take the bull by the horns, and, acting under instructions of the Board of Directors, wrote a letter to Attorney-General Johnson, in which he called attention to the recent communication of Gov. Waterman requesting the Attorney-General to take action against athletic clubs which give sparring exhibitions between professional pugilists. President Fulda declared there was nothing illegal in the exhibitions given by the California Club and suggested that an action be commenced in the name of the State against the club before one of the judges of the Superior Court in San Francisco for the purpose of determining whether or not the club's franchise should be forfeited on the ground that it had suffered and committed an illegal act.

In reply to L. B. Fulda, Attorney-General Johnson notified the Directors of the California Athletic Club that an action brought in the name of the people of the State against the club for the forfeiture of its charter, as requested by Fulda, would not settle the question as to the duty of the law officers of the State, who should see that the sections of the Penal Code which prohibited prize fighting are not violated with impunity.

What will be the outcome of this correspondence time can only explain. In any event the Herget (Young Mitchell) and Le Blanche match has been declared off, as the Club desires to have the legal question tested before taking any action that might be illegal.

It is a source of gratification to know that Joe McAuliffe, the Mission Boy, and his popular and shrewd manager, Billy Madden, have met with a grand reception in England. Among the first to show the distinguished American giant a royal welcome on his arrival in London, was George W. Moore, better known as "Pony" Moore. He had McAuliffe and Madden driven to the Moore House, on Finchley road, where the visitors were feted by the big-hearted Pony, Eugene Stratton, Charley Mitchell and the Moore family in royal style.

Pony Moore has always been distinguished for two decades for feasting Americans on their arrival in England. He never spares expense, time or travel in order to make his guests welcome, and they receive the best the Moore House, which is now a famous "American hostelry" in London, can afford.

McAuliffe, who is a quiet, gentlemanly, unassuming pugilist, must have been surprised at the kind of treatment he received. Not only did Moore and Mitchell give him and Madden a hearty welcome, but George W. Atkinson, Robert Watson and in fact all the *Sporting Life* staff did all that was possible to make the strangers' invasion pleasant.

SALVATOR-TENNY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

One of the most interesting races ever run on the turf in this country since the great race between Harry Bassett and Longfellow, was the race between J. B. Haggin's Salvator and David T. Pulsifer's Tenny, on June 25, at Sheepshead Bay. The race was one mile and a quarter, for \$5,000 a side, with \$5,000 added, both horses to carry 125 pounds. Isaac Murphy, the champion colored jockey, had the mount on Salvator, and E. H. Garrison rode Tenny. In all parts of the country the race was the topic of conversation and over \$1,000,000 was wagered on the result, Salvator being the favorite at 100 to 80 when the betting opened, the closing price being \$500 against \$1,000. About 20,000 spectators witnessed the race, and sporting men had traveled thousands of miles to witness the contest.

When the two great American racers came on the track it was the signal for a cyclone of applause, and when Tenny, guided by Garrison, cantered down the straight from the turn, the stand was a picture. Handkerchiefs fluttered in every direction, men cheered and stamped their feet and boys shouted shrilly.

After the starter gave the signal, a hoarse murmur that deepened into a mighty roar, followed the descent of the flag, and as the flying colts sped between the lines of anxious faces, the cheering was renewed. At the stand Salvator's neck was in front, and they tore round the lower turn, raising the dust in clouds beneath their feet. "They're racing, sure enough," said a man in the field, as they flew past the first quarter pole in twenty-five seconds, head and head, Salvator, if anything, a trifle in front.

Salvator gained the lead and kept in front running at a terrific pace. The first mile was run faster than Ten Broeck's time, 1.39 1/2. Salvator reached the mile post in 1.39 1/2, but it does not constitute a record. The mile and a furlong, which was run in 1.52 1/2, a quarter of a second better than Terra Cotta's famous record for that distance, saw Salvator still leading by two lengths. Garrison was now riding with demoniacal fury, plying whip and spur until the torture must have been excruciating. Murphy, who became a trifle anxious at the top of the stretch, now looked over his shoulder for Tenny, and he saw something that made him sit down and ride as though his life depended on the outcome. Tenny was tearing down upon him at a pace that was appalling, the hooded head shooting backward and forward with dazzling rapidity, and at every bound Salvator's lead was being reduced. Foot by foot Tenny closed the gap, both jockeys aiding their mounts to the utmost, and the whole assemblage, wild with excitement, shrieked the names of their favorites: "Tenny wins!" "Salvator wins!" Would Tenny get up? Was the momentous question. No, the distance was too short, and, amid the greatest excitement imaginable, Salvator lasted long enough to win by a head.

Tenny's burst of speed in that final 75 yards will never be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to witness the race. It was marvellous, and surpassed anything ever seen on any course heretofore. There was great applause when the time, 2:05, was hung out, and the throng, closing around the colts, bestowed their praises impartially. Both Garrison and Murphy were exhausted, the former being scarcely able to speak. The time is the fastest on record. This is a summary of the race:

Match, \$5,000 each, half forfeit; \$5,000 added by the club; one mile and a quarter.
J. B. Haggin's ch. c. Salvator, 4, by Prince Charlie—Salina, 122 pounds (I. Murphy)..... 1
D. T. Pulsifer's b. c. Tenny, 4, 122 pounds (Garrison)..... 2
Time—2:05.

Post Betting—Five to 3 on Salvator; 6 to 5 against Tenny. Mutuals paid \$8.20.

AN ELEGANT LARGE SIZED PHOTOGRAPH OF BILLY MURPHY, Australian feather-weight champion, size 20x24 inches, suitable for framing. Price \$1.50. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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IMPORTANT TO SPORTING CLUBS.

Athletic, sporting and baseball clubs about organizing, and clubs already organized, desiring to purchase outfits, before purchasing elsewhere would do well to send 25 cents for my

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of all kinds of sporting, gymnasium and theatrical goods. Illustrated cover, 328 pages and over 1,000 illustrations. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

M. D. Boston, Mass.—No.
T. S. W. Hoboken, N. J.—A wins.
M. D. Ogden, Utah.—Billy Lynn, the pugilist, is at Whatcom.
H. Z. Tohama, Calif.—Send 25c. for "The Police Gazette Card Player."

I. B. Newark, N. J.—The referee declared John L. Sullivan the winner.
H. W. Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Tim Collins and Billy Edwards fought a draw. 2. No.

J. E. McD. Martinsburg, Neb.—Send \$1.25 and we will send you the book you desire.

C. W. B. Wakefield, Neb.—Send 25 cents and we will mail you a book containing all records.

J. W. Philadelphia, Pa.—Apply to the manager of a steamboat or navigation company.

D. W. Tunesassa, N. Y.—The POLICE GAZETTE is mailed to any address in all parts of the world.

M. J. H. Newark, N. J.—There are fifty men who have accomplished the feat, not counting professionals.

M. Cleveland, Ohio.—1. We do not keep the history of baseball players. 2. In the County Kerry, Ireland.

A. CONSTANT BRADDER, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Write to August Belmont or James W. Belmont's trainer, Isip, L. I.

J. W. Hartford, Conn.—George Dixon was born in Halifax, N. S. He stands 5 feet 3 inches high, and was born July 29, 1868.

INQUIRITIVE, Washington, D. C.—1. Yes. 2. Billy Farnham, of Australia, defeated Peter Jackson, and also fought a draw with Jackson.

R. I. S. Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. We do not know. 2. Send 10 cents and we will mail you a POLICE GAZETTE containing Jack McAuliffe's record.

R. H. V. W. Chicago, Ill.—If you are eager to arrange a match with Major J. A. McGuire send on a forfeit, with a challenge, to the POLICE GAZETTE.

T. J., New York City.—If A. threw 43 and C threw 43, A and C having tied, must throw off the tie for second and third prizes. B has no claim to either.

R. W. & B. C. New York City.—1. Dan O'Leary won the Astley belt twice. 2. He won it in England, and he defeated John Hughes in this city for the trophy.

C. B. Pawtucket, Indian Territory.—1. Why don't you buy the POLICE GAZETTE? It contained a full report of the Myers and Bowen fight. 2. Myers was beaten.

CONSTANT BRADDER, Atkinson, Neb.—A and B having each tied in shooting off, A by beating B is entitled to first money, B second money. C is only entitled to third money, and has no claim on second.

C. S. W. Austin, Pa.—1. Peter Jackson was challenged by Frank P. Slavin to fight for £500 a side. Both pugilists met at *Sporting Life* office, London, Eng., but no match was made. 2. They never fought.

M. W. Augusta, Ga.—1. No. 2. John Morrissey never fought either Tom King, Jim Mac or Tom Sayers. Your friend evidently thought you came from "Stringfellow." John Morrissey's only battles were with Thompson, Yankee Sullivan and John G. Heenan.

M. W. C. Bridgeport, Conn., and Atlantic, Hoboken, N. J.—James Stansbury and Wm. O'Connor did not row for the single-oar championship of the world. The race, however, settles the championship of the world as far as leaving Australia is concerned.

R. W. Boston, Mass.—Jem Maco appeared in the ring four times in this country. With Joe Coburn, near Port Dover, Canada; again with Joe Coburn at Bay St. Louis, Miss., and with Ned O'Sullivan, the Irish Giant, at Collier's Station, W. Va., and Tom Allen, at Komererville, La.

T. W. C. Louisville, Ky.—It is an open question as to who is the best jockey. E. H. Garrison is supposed to be the premier. Marty Bergen, Murphy, Hamilton and Barnes have an equal number of admirers. We can supply you with any of the jockey's pictures at 10c. each by mail.

J. W. B. Ukiah, Cal.—The fastest one mile ever run on the turf in this country was in 1 minute 39 1/2 seconds, by Ten Broeck, 4 years old, 110 pounds, against time at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877. 2. Moore, 4 years old, 106 pounds, ran 1 mile in 1 minute 39 1/2 seconds, at Chicago, Ill., July 12, 1889.

W. J. Bordentown, N. J.—1. Anything you require in the sporting goods line, from five dice in a box to a fishing outfit, can be supplied by the Police Gazette Supply and Purchasing Department. 2. The "Police Gazette" champion boxing gloves are acknowledged to be the best made. 3. Send 25 cents for a catalogue, and by careful perusal you will find you can buy sporting goods from this office at cheaper rates than from any other firm.

J. M. Washington, D. C.—1. Jem Smith has fought and won that title. 2. Charley Mitchell never contended for the championship of England. 3. When Charley Mitchell and John L. Sullivan fought in France, the contest was not for the championship, because Jake Kilrain held the title in this country and Jem Smith held the title in England. Jem Smith and Frank P. Slavin fought for the championship of England. The battle ended in a wrangle and Smith still retained the title.

TURFITE, Parkville, L. I.—Huntress was foaled in 1885. She was by Springbok, dam Edith, by Imp. Saxxon. Huntress won the Olipetta, Southern Hotel and Barrett Stakes at two years old. At three years old Huntress won the Pickwick Club, the St. Louis Fair Oaks, the Directors, the Bowle Stakes and four purses. At four years old she won the Freehold Prize, the Boulevard Stakes and eleven purses. At five years old she won the Jack Pot Stakes at Lexington, Louisville and Latonia, and the Cincinnati Hotel Stakes and four purses. She was killed in a railroad accident at Warrentown, Mo., on June 12, 1890.

M. D. Latonia, Ky.—1. Asteroid, the race horse, started twelve times and was never beaten. 2. There is no racing guide for the years that Asteroid ran, and we cannot give you his performances. Asteroid was a bay, and was foaled in 1861 by Lexington, dam Nebula, by Imp. Glencoe, 2d dam Blue Bonnet, by Imp. Hedgerd, 3d dam Gray Fanny, by Bertrand, 4th dam by Imp. Buzzard, 5th dam Arminia, by Imp. Medley, 6th dam by Imp. Bolton, 7th dam Sally Wright, by Yorrick, 8th dam Jenny Cameron, by Imp. Culbers, 9th dam by Morston's Imp. Traveler, 10th dam Imp. Jenny Cameron, by Son of Fox, 11th dam Miss Belvoir, by Grey Grantham, by Paret Turk, 12th dam Betty Percival, by Leed's Arabian, 14th dam by Spanker. Asteroid's winnings amounted to \$12,800.

M. W. C. Latonia, Ky.—1. No. 2. Parole and Foxall. 3. The following explains about Sanfoin, the winner of the 1890 English Derby: Sanfoin was bred at Her Majesty's Stud and purchased by J. Porter for 550 guineas at the sale of Her Majesty's yearlings in 1888. His first appearance was in the Astley Stakes, at the Lowest Summer Meeting last year, when he started at 8 to 1 against and won pretty easily from Garter and Spring Cup. He was not seen out again last season, but he opened the present year well by practically running away with the Esher Stakes at Sandown Park, beating Dry Tourist and Cheroot. In this race he carried 6 stone 11 pounds, the top weight being Amphion, who had an impost of 9 stone 2 pounds. After this success Sanfoin passed into the possession of Sir James Miller, whose colors he carried to victory in the Dee Stakes, at Chester, his only opponent being Bull's Eye. He won the Derby in 1890.

M. W. J., New York City.—All Gower, English pugilist, is 23 years old. He stands 5 feet 2 inches high and fights at 8 stone. He came into notice in the boxing world about two years ago, when he fought Ben Heath, another East-End; in the old style, winning in 7 minutes. His next contest was with the gloves. This was with a lad named Cox, belonging to Poplar, whom he

defeated in less than 3 minutes. He then laid idle for some time, his next performance being for Alec Clark's 7-stone 6-pound champion belt, which he won, beating George Suttle in the final. Since then he won a 7-stone 8-pound competition promoted by Frank Hinde, at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, beating Patey Sheenan in the final, but was subsequently beaten by Jack Sweeney, of Clare Market, in a competition at Sadler's Wells Theatre. He beat Fred Sullivan, of Lambeth, for £50 a side, on Feb. 27, 1890, in 14 rounds 24 minutes. On June 4, 1890, he defeated Arthur Westley for £100, in 4 rounds, 15 minutes, at London, Eng.

'WAY UP HORSEFLESH.

Nags and Their Drivers and Lovers Talked About Interestingly.

Geraldine was allowed to run in her true form on June 25.

Who will win the Champion stakes is the momentous question.

Steeplechases are to be the feature of Brighton Beach race meeting.

George Taylor won three races on horses he had the mount on June 25.

The report that August Belmont is going to retire from the turf is premature.

Senator Hearst will soon pull off a race with Anacanda, that is, if work is any criterion.

The Isip stable's two-year-old Van Buren has covered 5 furlongs in 1:04 1/2, pulling up very fresh.

Another shattered turf idol like Tenny, the Suburban favorite, was Surefoot, the hottest English Derby favorite on record.

Brown Hal, the pacer, is said to be moving quarters at an amazing gait, and Johnston's record is said to be in danger.

Who will win the Champion and the Junior Champion stakes at Monmouth Park will soon be the absorbing question in turf circles.

Salvator has beaten Tenny three times. This should settle all arguments about the question of supremacy between the two great equines.

The race between Salvator and Tenny was the biggest betting turf event since the great races between Longfellow and Harry Bassett, and Mollie McCarthy and Ten Broeck.

Lem Appleby, and George Hunter and James Kelly of the firm of Kelly & Bils, each put out a small fortune on Salvator. Kelly plunged like he did at Monmouth in 1873 on Harry Bassett.

Abe Hummel was one of the big plungers on Tenny in the great \$15,000 race. The famous little lawyer intends to frame the losing tickets, which cost him a thousand dollars or more.

Although the racing season of 1889-90 will not actually close for over a month in Australia, J. White has broken all previous records concerning the amount of stakes won, his total being over £30,000.

Tenny, as a three-year-old, in 1889 ran 19 races, won 10, finished second four times, third twice, and ran unplaced twice. He won \$38,380. Salvator ran 8 races in 1889, won 7 and finished third once. He won \$71,380.

Uncle Bob, the winner of the American Derby, is by Luke Blackburn—Vintage Tine. G. V. Hanks purchased him from Sam Bryant for \$18,000, with the understanding that the seller receive another \$2,000 should Uncle Bob win the Derby.

George Forbes, the well-known turfman, has a first-class stable of broad winners in Arab Grey Gown and Brussels. On June 25 Forbes stood to win \$12,000 on Brussels, having accepted the 30 to 1 to win, 10 to 1 1-2 and 5 to 1 1-2-3 offered by the bookmakers.

The thousands who think Tenny is just as great a race horse as Salvator believe the former could defeat Salvator running one mile and a half. We don't. Tenny has been beaten three times, by Salvator, twice without any question, fairly, and there is not the least doubt but that the son of Prince Charlie—Salina, is the best four-year-old in the world.

In the special four-year-old stake to be trotted at the next meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' meeting there are eighteen entries. Among them are Queen Wilkes, 2:39 1/2; Greenleaf, 2:38 1/2; Bonnie Wilmore, 2:37 1/2; Mattie H., 2:34 1/2; a sister to Geneva S.; Glitter, 2:25; Glenview Belle, 2:20 1/2; Nancy Hanks, 2:24 1/2; Margaret S., 2:19 1/2; and Allerton, 2:18 1/2.

There has been considerable dissatisfaction with the management of the St. Louis race, which culminated in the semi-official announcement that Mr. Theodore Winters, owner of the famous Winters stables, will be conspicuous by his absence from the St. Louis track after this, as will also his stable. Mr. Winters claims that Starter Ferguson is deliberately giving the Winters horses the worst of the start at every opportunity.

Budd Doble, who was a double-team driver when trotting to the pole was in full back, having pinned Jessa Wales and Darkness and other crack teams, is again taking an active part in the new crusade for championship honors, in handling fast pairs belonging to wealthy owners. He is at present driving Henri, 2:17; Lady Ballou, 2:18 1/2; and Reina, 2:24 1/2, and after getting the trio acquainted with each other will select two of them for a tilt against the watch.

The Chicago Derby of 1890 was run at Chicago on June 21. The distance is one mile and a half. Thirty thousand spectators were present. Seven starters faced the flag. A. G. Newsom's Mount Lebanon, 115, Overton; Ballenberg's Ben Kingsbury, 108, Hazlett; Hankins' Uncle Bob, 115, Kiley; Baldwin's Santiago, 118, Barnes; Seagull's Goodwin, 118, Hollis; Waldo's Jet, 118, Soden, and M. G. Thompson's Sunbrook, 118, Britton. Sunbrook was a late entry, and lost the card. Four of the entries were scratched. They were Protection, the second favorite, who was regarded as Uncle Bob's hardest rival; the Fleetwood stable's Fronting, Baldwin's Sinaloa and the West stable's Greyson. The race was won by Uncle Bob, Santiago was second and Ben Kingsbury third. Time, 2:55 1/2. The betting was: Uncle Bob, 1 to 2; Santiago, 3 to 1; Ben Kingsbury, 4 to 1; Jet, 4 to 1; Goodby, 10 to 1; Mount Lebanon, 12 to 1; Sunbrook, 30 to 1.

The Coney Island Jockey Club Cup, one mile and a half, was run at the Coney Island Jockey Club on June 26.

Of the thirty three entries for the cup there were but six on the card as probably starters. The crowd numbered fifty per cent, so that only Firenz, carrying 117 pounds; Cassius, 112 pounds, and Tex Tray, 116 pounds, went to the post. Cassius has done so well, and the Beverwyck stable, to which he belongs, has become so well known this season, he had many admirers, and the last betting was even money each, Cassius and Firenz, and 10 to 1 against Tex Tray. A good deal of wealth went into the boxes on Cassius and Firenz, with an occasional plumper on Tex Tray. Murphy was on Firenz, Taral on Cassius and Hamilton on Tex Tray. Firenz won by three lengths, while Cassius was five lengths before Tex Tray. The crowd glanced at the time. Then a wild cheer as the 2:33 told the story of another record smashed. Summary:

Coney Island Cup, for three-year-olds and upward; a sweepstakes by the following respective subscriptions: For horses which have won a race of \$3,000 in 1889, \$100 each; for other horses, \$50 each; with \$1,500 added, of which \$500 to second, the third to receive 250 out of the stakes; penalties and allowances; one mile and a half.

J. B. Haggin's b. m. Firenz, 6, by Glenelg—Florida, 117 pounds..... 1
Beverwyck Stable's b. c. Cassius, 4, by Longfellow—Sunbrook, 112 pounds..... 2
W. Lakeland's ch. h. Tex Tray, 5, by Rayon d'Or—Ella T., 116 pounds..... 3
Won by three lengths, five lengths between second and third. Time, 2:33.

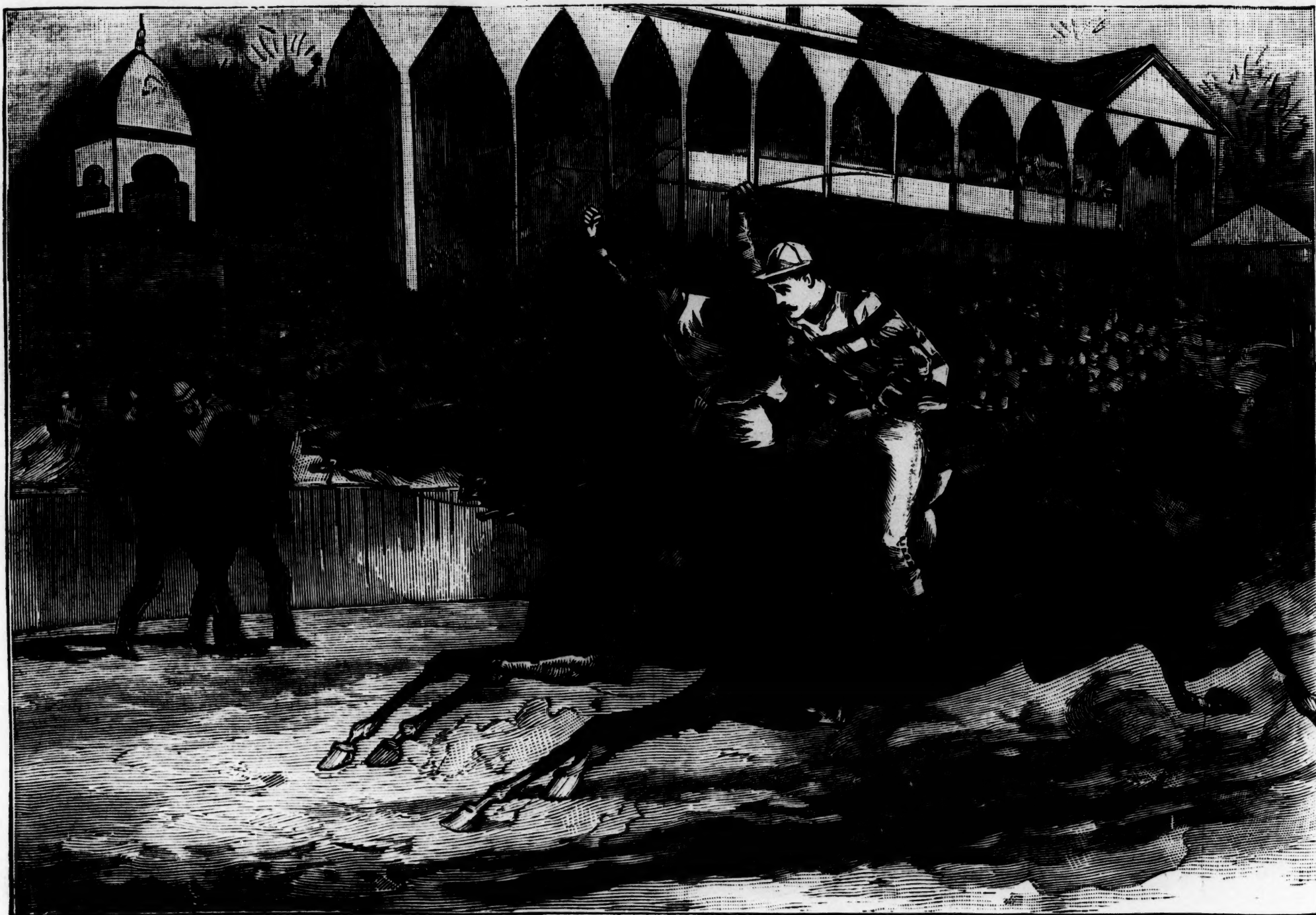
The Betting—Even money each, Cassius and Firenz, 10 to 1, Tex Tray. No place betting.

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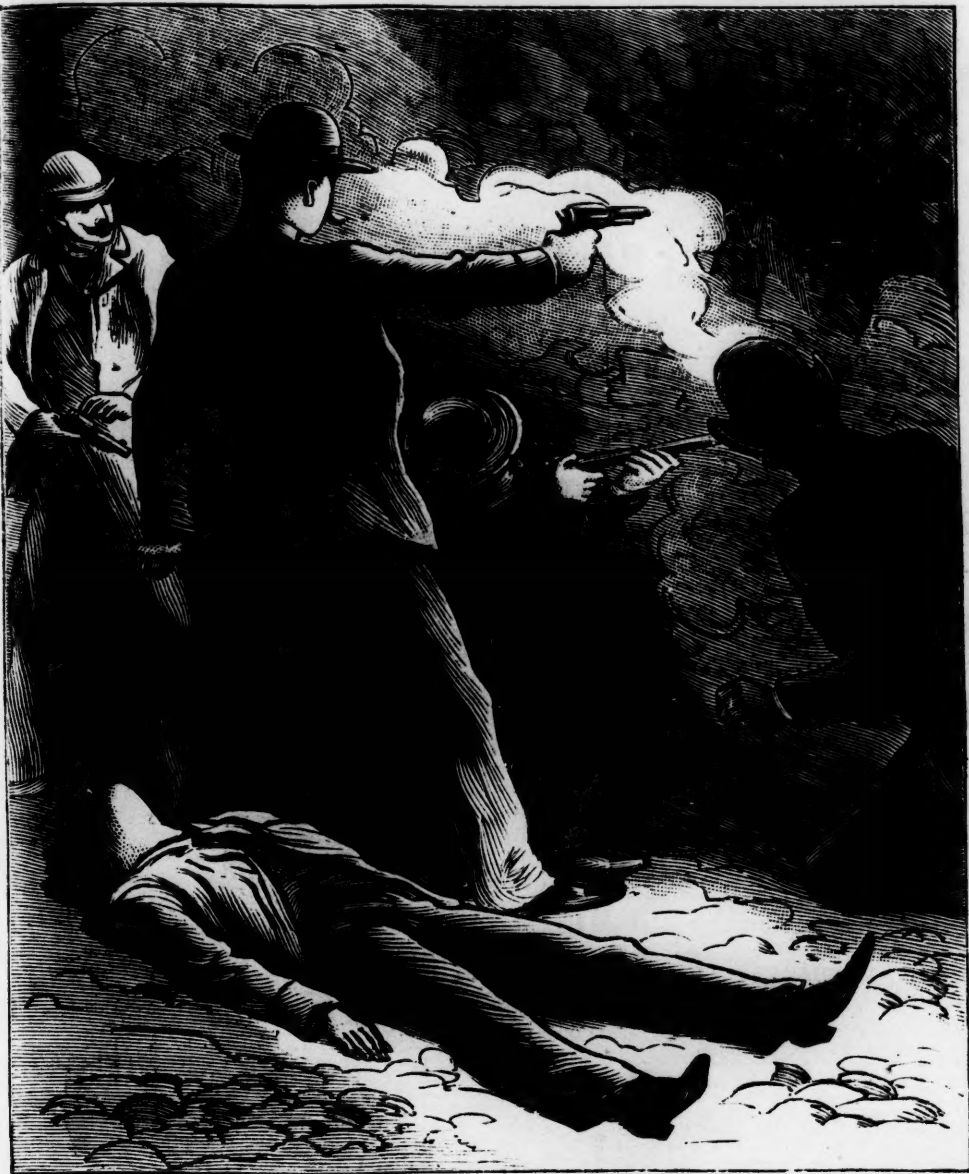
MRS. CLEVELAND'S CATCH.

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S WIFE ASTONISHES THE OLD FISHERMEN OF MARION, MASS., BY LANDING A FOUR-POUNDER.

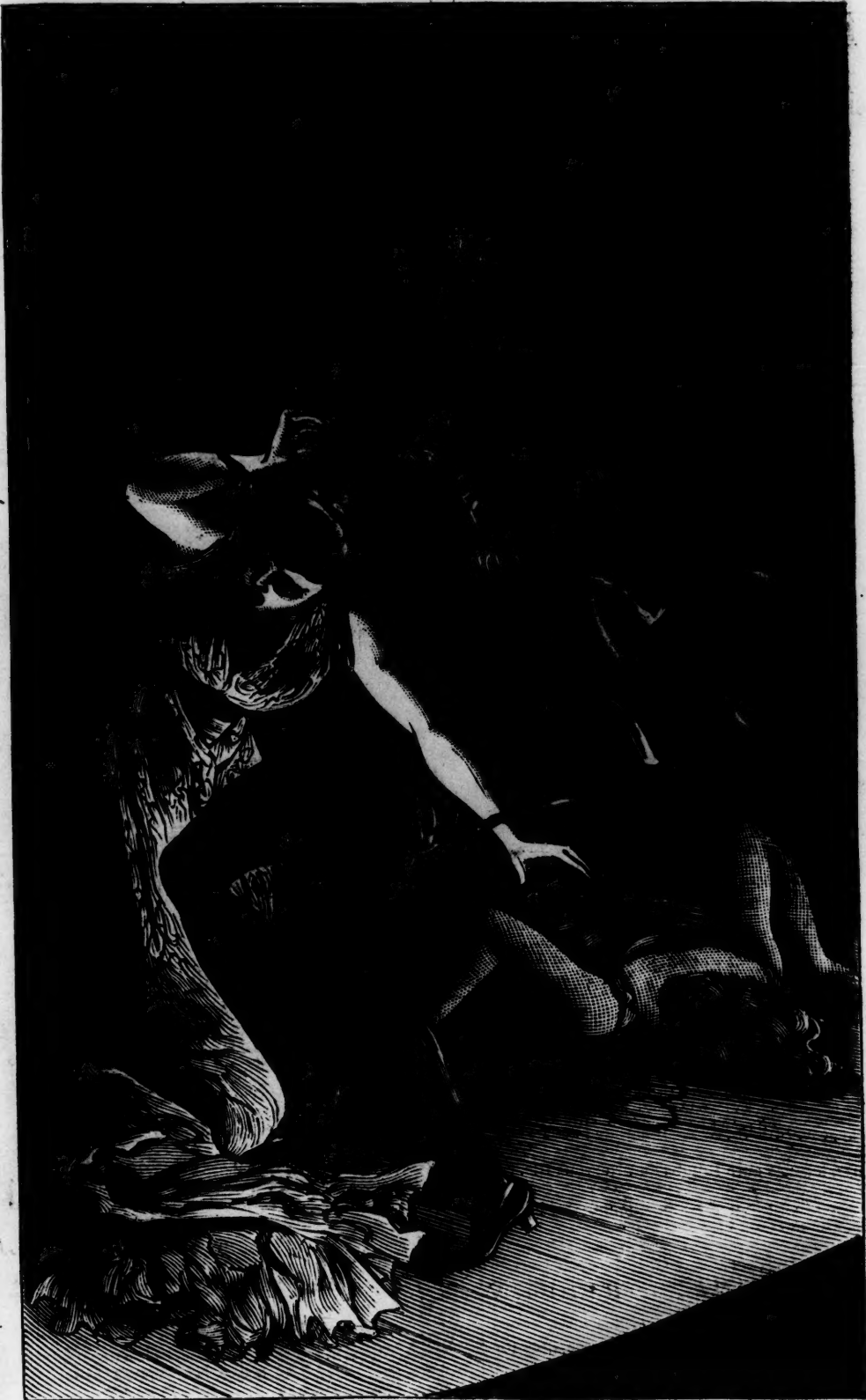


SALVATOR BEATS TENNY.

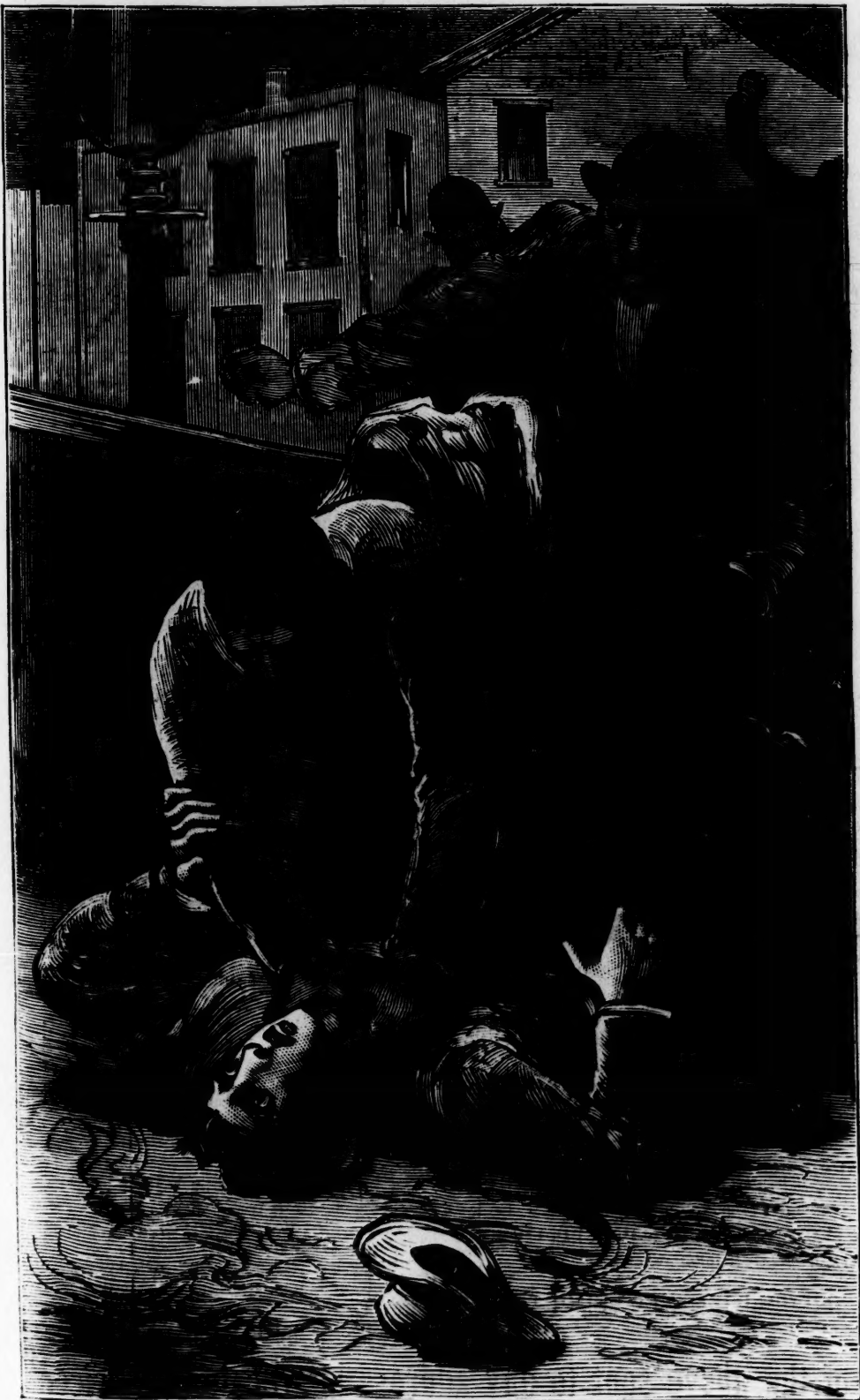
HAGGIN'S FLYER GETS THE BETTER OF PULSIFER'S FLEET ONE ON THE SHEEPSHEAD BAY RACE COURSE, JUNE 25.



A KEG OF BEER THE CAUSE.
THE FOAMING BEVERAGE RAISES A RACE RIOT IN BROOKSITE, ALA., AND SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE KILLED AND INJURED.



A PREMATURE DROP.
A CURTAIN FALLS IN THE LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN, OPERA HOUSE AND VERY NEARLY KNOCKS OUT THE WHOLE COMPANY.



SLASHED WITH RAZORS.
GEORGE REED, A CITIZEN OF PATERSON, N. J., INSULTS A COLORED WOMAN AND HER FRIENDS SPEEDILY AVENGE THE WRONG.



FOUND IN A RESERVOIR.
HEWITT VAN METER, OF RINGOES, N. J., COMMITS SUICIDE BY DROWNING HIMSELF AT THE TRENTON WATER WORKS.

A BRAVE FIRE LADDIE.

"Jack" Williamson, a Popular Fireman of Phenixville, Pa.



Our Phenixville, Pa., readers will recognize in the portrait at the head of this column the good-natured features of Jack Williamson, the popular fireman. Jack is one of the best-known fire-laddies in Phenixville, and has many friends. He has done some very creditable work since his connection with the fire department.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. MOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

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Will quickly grow a heavy beard, a glossy mustache, beautiful eyebrows, or luxuriant hair on bald heads. Turkish Hair & Beard Elixir is a preparation that may be relied upon to produce a quick growth of hair in from 3 to 6 weeks' time. Price 25 cts. per package, 4 for 50 cts. Regular \$1 size. Sent securely sealed by mail. TREMONT TOILET CO., Ste. A, Boston, Mass.

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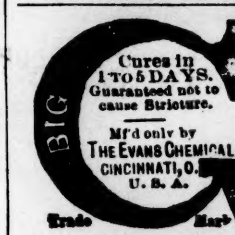
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Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. The only safe remedy for Gonorrhea or Whites. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
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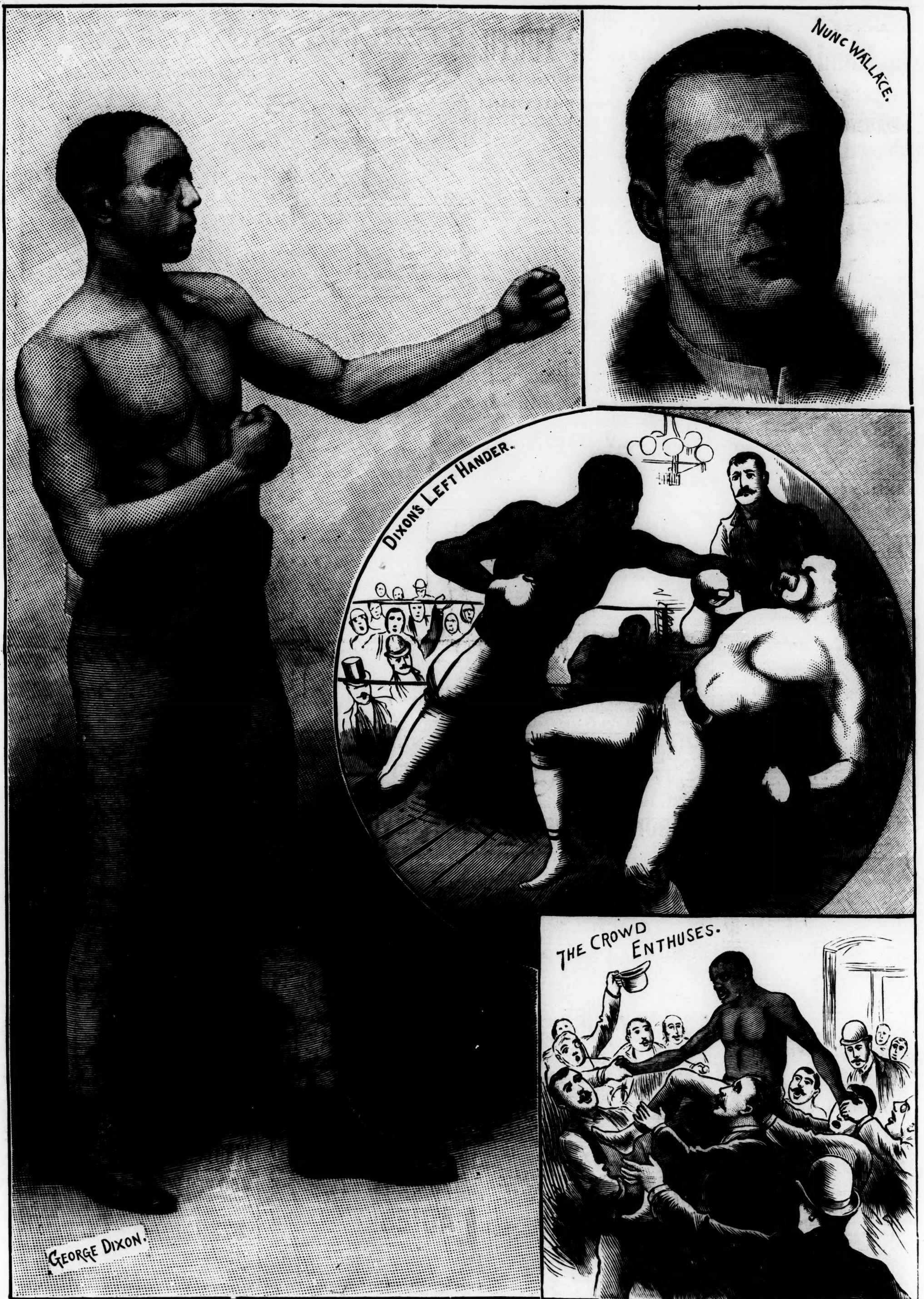


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